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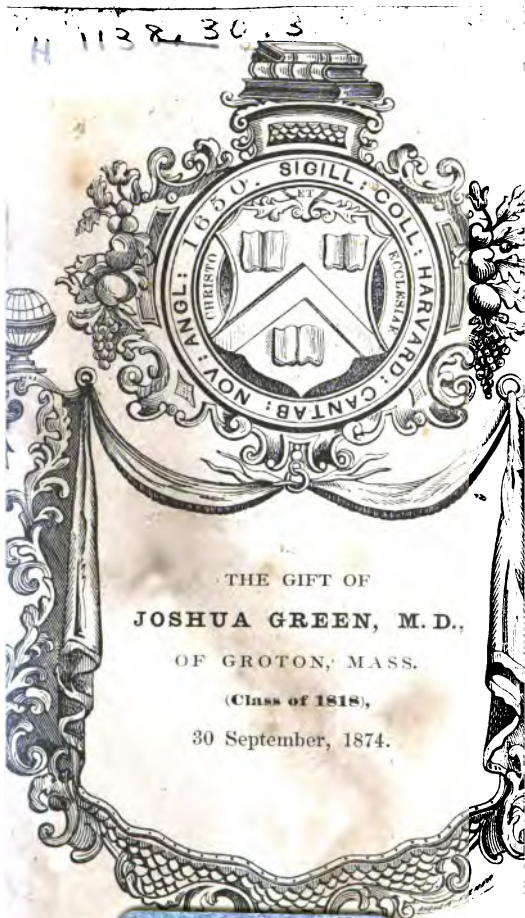
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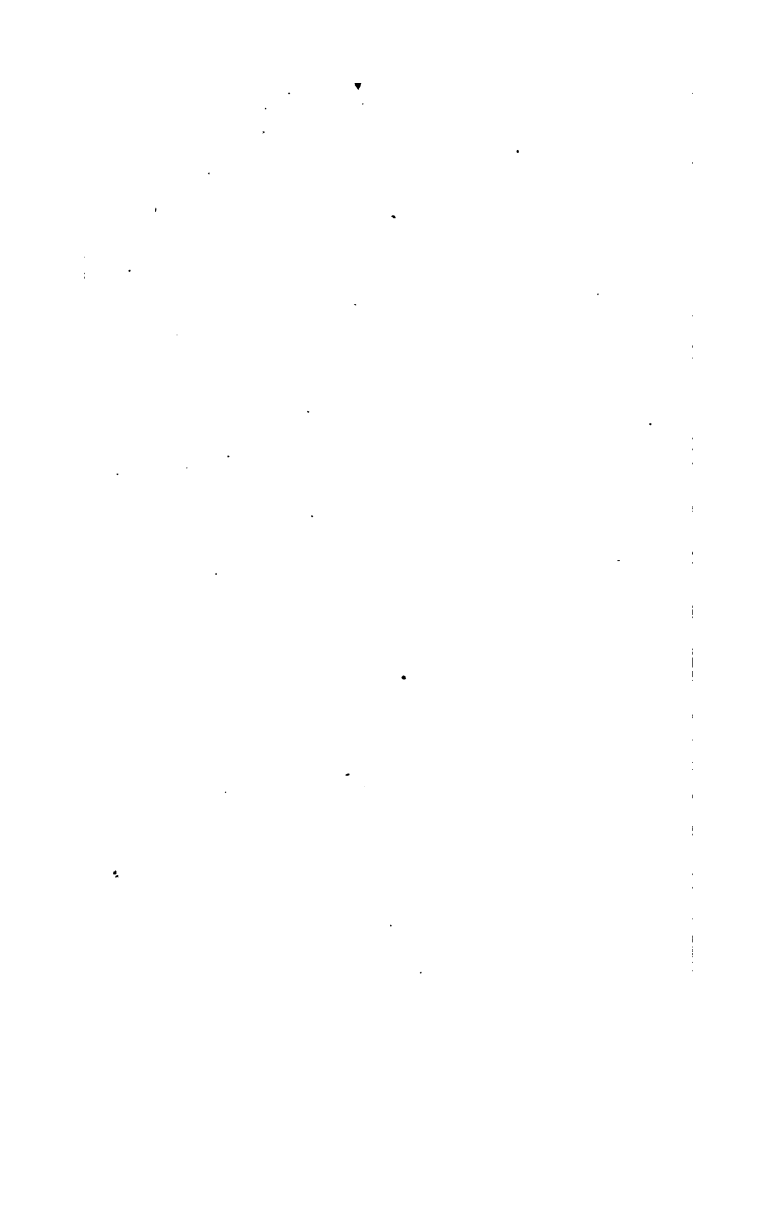
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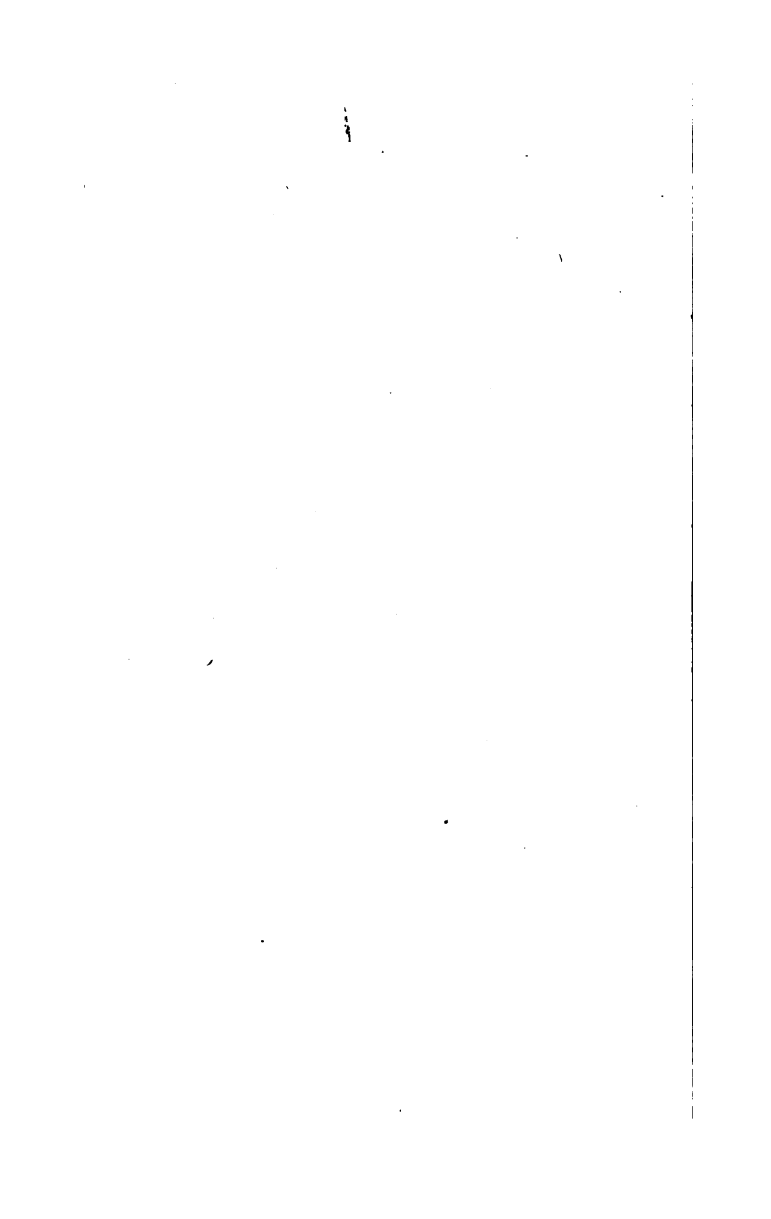
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SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Born 1769.—Died 1830.

THE distinguished subject of this memoir affords one of the finest examples of the immeasurable superiority of genius and integrity over the accidental circumstances of birth and fortune.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol, on the 13th of April, 1769. His father, at that period, kept the White Lion Inn and the American Coffee-house, and rented a small farm contiguous to the city. The ancestry of Sir Thomas is little connected with any thing that can render him of consequence to the public; but the immediate parentage of every man is of importance, as it is the source whence are derived his tone of sentiments, his habits, his deportment, and, to a great extent, his morals.

We dismiss, therefore, the idle claims to an illustrious descent, set up in his behalf since his decease. His father was said to have been descended from a rich and gallant gentleman, Sir Robert Lawrence, of Ashton Hall, Lancashire, who bravely won his spurs of knighthood at the siege of Acre, and was rewarded by Cœur-de-Lion, in 1191; suffice it to say, that the pedigree is totally denied at the Herald College.

The paternal grandfather of Sir Thomas is reported to have been in the church; but our authentic memoirs commence with his son, who was appren-

ticed to a Mr. Ginger, an attorney, at Hemel Hempstead. When his apprenticeship had expired, his master offered him a share of his business; but Mr. Lawrence had just received a small patrimony from his father's executors, and he had formed the scheme of enjoying a tour through England with a fellow-apprentice, a Mr. Price, who afterwards entered the church, and became the head master of King Edward's school, at Birmingham.

Our travellers first directed their steps to Tenbury, in Worcestershire, where Mr. Price had several relations. Struck by the attractions of the neighbourhood, and, probably, finding the society agreeable, Mr. Lawrence felt very little inclination to continue his journey. At this period he wrote a few odes, and although they have not a high degree of poetical merit, they evince a taste for literature, and a sensibility to the beauties of nature.

It argues much in his favor, that, in a short time, he had ingratiated himself with the best society of Tenbury. The vicar of Tenbury was the Rev. W. Read, of Brocket Hall, who was likewise rector of Rochford, and first portioner of the rectory of Burford. Mr. Read had married the daughter of Andrew Hill, Esq., of Court-de-Hill, by Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Powys, of Henley Court, who had married a daughter of Sir Adam Littleton, of Stoke Milburg, Shropshire.

In the social intercourse with the family of the Rev. Mr. Read, Mr. Lawrence was thrown much into the company of his youngest daughter, Lucy, who resided alternately at her father's vicarage and at Court-de-Hill, now the seat of her uncle, Andrew Hill, Esq. In her frequent walks between these two places of residence, Miss Lucy Read was always accompanied by Mr. Lawrence.

The confidence reposed in this young gentleman

by the lady's parents and uncle may prove very fully their appreciation of his moral character and decorous habits ; but it is no great proof of the discretion of a parent to have thrown into perpetual contact two such young, sensitive, and congenial minds. Mr. Lawrence was now in his twenty-fifth, and she in her eighteenth year. After incessant conflicts between reason and attachment, the feelings of youth, and the influence of early precepts, the anticipations of parental displeasure, and the disregard of those calculations that would most affect their future life, and, what was of more consequence, that of their offspring—the young persons come to the usual compromise of marrying without consent, in preference to marrying against it, or to having their affections blighted.

Such was the sympathy for this young couple, that a neighbouring clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of Corley, consented to unite them, regardless of the influence of the wealthy 'squire at Court-de-Hill, or of that of the stern and rigid rector of Tenbury.

The young couple returned to their respective homes, and, for three weeks, associated as before, without the least suspicion being entertained that they had formed a union so sacred.

But the continuance of such a state was totally incompatible with the ingenuousness of youth, or with feminine delicacy and integrity. The young lady could not look, and act, and speak deception to her relations ; and there was a treachery in receiving the caresses of her father as his maiden daughter, when she was secretly the wife of his guest.

A mutual friend was induced to acquaint Mr. Read with the marriage ; and to point out how much it was the result of circumstances of his own creation.

The father was violent and inexorable. The young fondling of his heart was driven ignominiously upon the world. Her uncle, at Court-de-Hill, expelled her from his hall; and her father prohibited, under the consequences of his strong resentment, any relation from holding the slightest direct or indirect communication with either of them.

But neither the wealth nor the religious influence of this clergyman could enforce an order so abhorrent to nature; and his son, the Rev. William Read, rector of Munslow and Ashton, always received his sister as the more endeared to him by her sufferings from poverty, and from her struggles through life. Mr. Lawrence was ever a welcome guest at his table.

The father and his child never met again. In his dying moments he was tormented with a wish to embrace his daughter, and a messenger was despatched with the utmost rapidity to Bristol, where she then resided. Mrs. Lawrence immediately set off for Tenbury, and arrived in time to see the corpse of her father—he had expired—ungratified by a reconciliation.

She was kindly received by her mother, with whom she remained a few weeks; and she left one of her children with her when she returned to Bristol. At this time, however, pecuniary difficulties were accumulating upon her husband; and she had the mortification of hearing that her uncle at Court-de-Hill had altered his bequest to her from 5000*l* to one shilling.

Expelled from her father's roof, and abjured by her former friends and relations, Mrs. Lawrence left Tenbury, and repaired with her husband to the other extremity of the kingdom. They resided for some time at Thaxsted, in Essex, until Mrs. Gataker (formerly Miss Hill,) the aunt of Mrs. Lawrence,

procured her husband the situation of an excise-officer at the Port of Bristol.

At Thaxstead they had had three children: the eldest died in infancy; the second, Andrew Lawrence, was brought up to the church, and was vicar of Long Parish, in Hampshire, and a chaplain in the navy. He died at Haslar Hospital in 1821. The third child, William Read Lawrence, became major of the 72d regiment, and died at the house of his brother Andrew, in 1818.

At Bristol, Mr. Lawrence became a most vigilant revenue-officer. He was a very tall, athletic man; active, and of great muscular power. His mind was always imbued with a spirit of enterprise, and an ardour approaching to enthusiasm. His conflicts with the daring bands of smugglers at Bristol, which was then the second port in the kingdom, and the centre of illieit trade, could be understood only by a reference to the scale and system upon which those bands of desperate outlaws then carried on their trade, and of which, at present, people, in this country at least, have no idea.

Notwithstanding the struggles with adverse fortune, the differences of disposition and of early habits between the parties, and the sad contrast afforded by the associates with whom Mrs. Lawrence was now obliged to mix, and the classes of society to which she had been accustomed, it appears that she and her husband continued to cherish great affection for each other, uniting all their efforts for the welfare of their children.

Very shortly after removing to Bristol, we find Mr. Lawrence, (in 1769,) by means which it is impossible to trace, transferred from the humble revenue-officer into the landlord of two adjoining inns, (the White Lion and American Coffee-house,) and into a tenant of a neighboring farm.

Whilst in possession of this triple cross-road to fortune or to ruin, Mr. Lawrence had five children living. Thomas and his two sisters were put out to nurse, and the two sons, born at Thaxsted, were sent to a boarding school.

Of the sixteen children of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Sir Thomas was the youngest. Only five were living at the death of the parents in 1797; namely, the two sons we have already mentioned, the subject of this memoir, and two daughters; the younger married to the Rev. Dr. Bloxam of Rugby School, and the other to a Mr. Meredith, an attorney of Birmingham.

The habits of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence in early life totally disqualified them for keepers of an inn, and their speculations were profitless. Notwithstanding this, the two sitting members for Bristol advanced him funds for a similar speculation; and in 1779, he became the Landlord of the Black Bear inn at Devizes.

At this period every person of eminence annually visited Bath; the journey was not then performed in a day; and the Black Bear at Devizes was the nightly resting place of the wits, actors, peers, and eminent characters of every description.

The house was therefore remarkably suited to the disposition of Mr. Lawrence; but in the same degree it was little likely to be a source of profit.

Mr. Lawrence's ruling passion was polite literature. His recitations and his original verses at Bristol had drawn upon him the satirical castigation of the unhappy Chatterton, who was about sixteen when Mr. Lawrence was at his zenith, as keeper of the White Lion.*

* The humble condition of poor Chatterton was overwhelmed by the loud voice and giant manners of the disputatious innkeeper, whose ample larder and deep cellars, of course procured him the homage of critics less restive than Chatterton.

His large, fine person was decorated with a well powdered wig, and more elaborate and bushy than even the fashion of that day warranted. On the top of this was a diminutive three-cornered cocked hat. The flaps of his waistcoat, and skirts of his black coat, with his immense ruffles, and long laced cravat, carried the remarkable costume of the period to an almost ludicrous extravagance. Such was his dress and appearance at Devizes. He had rather a large face, which combined the expression of drollery, of animal enjoyment, and of intellectual shrewdness. His gait by no means corresponded with his corporeal dignity: it was rather expressive of the unequal and rapid transitions of his mind; and its fluttering, strutting effect formed a contrast to the importance of his figure, and the impression of his manner.

When any guests arrived at the Black Bear, instead of finding a bill of fare which might tempt the satiated, or gratify the famished traveller, they were surprised by the figure of Mr. Lawrence, who, entering the room with a folio Shakspeare or Milton under his arm, would expatiate with energy upon the talents of his son Tommy, and request the guests to let the child recite to them a passage of poetry.

Lord and Lady Kenyon (about fifteen years before the former attained the peerage) arrived one evening at Devizes, where they were resolved to stay for the night. The severe barrister's nature required from the innkeeper the homage due to a satrap, and he wanted a good supper, a good bed, and a bill either so small as to gratify his penurious habits, or so large as to enable him to dispute the amount. The lady was in an angry mood at being stopped at Devizes on her short career of fashion to Bath. At an unfortunate juncture of al-

tercation, in which the barrister most probably was out-argued and out-talked by the lady, Mr. Lawrence entered, his eye in a "fine frenzy rolling," and his arms compressing, the one a folio Shakespeare, and the other a Milton. He began to expatiate upon the genius of his beautiful boy, who, "although only in his fifth year, could rehearse them poetry or speeches, or take their likenesses."

Lady Kenyon's vexation and anger at so untimely an interruption, and at the pertinacity of the father, were at their height, when the door opened, and there capered into the room, straddling upon a stick, the most lovely and spirited child they had ever beheld. His beautiful face was flushed with exercise, and neither she nor her husband felt inclined to stop his gambols.

As soon as the boy could be got to stand still, Mrs. Kenyon took him in her arms, and asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to the future lord chief justice. The child, looking with an impatient earnestness at Mr. Kenyon, exclaimed, "Yes, that I can, and very like too." Whilst materials were sent for, the child had resumed his play; but when all was prepared, throwing his little legs from over his stick, he was lifted on the table, and seated in an arm chair, from which height he took Mr. Kenyon's likeness, with a rapidity, a spirit, and a correctness truly astonishing.

The child was impatient to be gone; but Mr. Kenyon coaxing him, asked if he could take the likeness of the lady. The boy exclaimed, "Yes that I can, if she will only turn her side to me, for her face is not straight." This produced a burst of laughter, for Lady Kenyon, by an accident, had a slight curvature of the nose. The child took the profile. Twenty-five years after, an old friend of

Lady Kenyon saw this portrait, and could distinctly trace a likeness to what her ladyship had been at the period when it was taken. The drawing was about five inches broad delicately shaded but with the feebleness and indecision of a child, except in the lines forming the contour of the countenance.

At four years old we have authentic memoranda of the child reciting the poem of Joseph and his Brethren; and at five, Addison's *Nymphs of Solyma*. At seven, he gave an almost miraculous proof of memory by rapidly learning and repeating Milton's *Lycidas*.

Such as we have described was the father of our great artist, and such were the effects and objects of his instructions to this extraordinary child.

Mrs. Lawrence was valued by her friends as a sensible well-informed lady. Mild, unassuming, and of correct principles, she devoted herself to the care and education of her children. Amidst the unpleasant scenes in which she was involved by her husband's pursuits, and want of success, and for which her birth and previous habits were calculated to disqualify her, she evinced a meritorious resignation. Without forsaking the most active duties of a wife and mother, she retained, throughout all her trials, a refinement of mind and the delicate manners of a woman.

Sir Thomas Lawrence always spoke of both his parents with respect and affection; and he constantly regretted that circumstances had prevented his receiving from his mother the benefits which his elder brothers had derived from her early instructions.

But we must now turn our attention more particularly to the subject of this memoir; who, although, as we have just seen, he was denied the advantage of receiving the first elements of know-

ledge from a mother so well qualified to impart them, yet, by his strong natural abilities and talents, conquered even this ill fortune, and ultimately raised himself, by his own exertions, to fame and affluence.

In no record of the wonders of intellect, is there any instance of an earlier display of its powers, than in the biography of Sir Thomas Lawrence's childhood. Art presents no parallel case of an equal degree of excellence, attained so rapidly, and *so exclusively without instruction, or opportunity of study.*

The precocity of Sir Thomas Lawrence is equal to those facts, relating to a few other men of genius, which have appeared so extravagant, or to approach so closely to the marvellous, that the incredulity they excited led to a severe examination, which has placed them beyond controversy, and established them in the confidence of mankind. But innumerable instances will be found, in which all degrees of early power have been succeeded by very moderate, or even deficient talents in manhood; whilst the very highest of mental powers have as often indicated, in childhood, no promise whatever of a superior capacity.

In a juvenile work of this description, it may not be useless to illustrate the subject, by a reference to the most eminent of the well-authenticated examples.

Ludovico Caracci was so slow in acquiring his art, that the illustrious competitors of his youth nicknamed him the Ox: and whilst his contemporary, Domenichino, was equally backward in his genius, his rivals, Guido, Rubens, and many others, exhibited the earliest powers. Claude had the strongest propensity to painting, even amidst the sordid drudgery of his apprenticeship to a pastry-

cook; and yet his eventually surprising talents were far from early, or rapid, in their development. Gerard Douw was as precocious in his genius as Raphael, Titian, or even Leonardo da Vinci or Michael Angelo Buonarrotti; and yet what a difference do they exhibit with respect to the rapidity, or the cautious and elaborate finishing of their styles!

Precocity is not confined to the sunny climes, where vegetable and animal nature are said to rise and perish so rapidly. The great painters of Italy have not been more prematurely efficient than Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Gerard Douw, and other painters of Holland and Flanders; whilst those of our own cold and foggy climate afford the finest instances of precocity upon record. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Opie and Lawrence, are strong proofs of the fact.*

* The ancients were less precise in registering dates than the moderns, nevertheless they have some well-attested cases of precocity. Eupolis of Athens, at seventeen, had written seventeen comedies, of which seven had obtained the laurel crown. Cicero was not thirteen when he wrote his treatise on the art of speaking. Octavius, at twelve, composed his funeral oration upon Julia. Ovid's chastisement by his father, for writing verses when a child, produced one of his well-known effusions. Valerius Pudens, at thirteen, obtained the crown for his poetry at the games of the Lustrum. Quintilian's son, at ten, was master of Latin and Greek. At fourteen, Pliny the younger composed his Greek tragedy; and his elegies and epigrams were distributed among the literati when he was only sixteen, at which period he was an accomplished musician. P. J. Celsus obtained the title of *Adolescens*, for teaching the law at so early an age.

In the middle ages, instances are numerous. J. Picus Mirandola, when a child, translated the decretals, and at twenty-three, he gave his challenge to all the universities of Europe upon his one thousand four hundred theses. Jerome of Turin issued his poems at ten. M. Verin, at thirteen, published his moral distichs upon the philosophers of Greece and Rome, which were translated into most of the languages of Europe. J. Marini, in 1647, then aged seven, disputed upon theological and philological theses at Rome. H. Grotius composed Latin verses at eight; at fifteen he published his *Martianus Capella*; and before seventeen, his translation of Stevinus, his phenomena of Aratus, and his Latin tragedy of Adam. Gaspard Barthius, of Custrin, recited the six comedies of Terence, at the age of nine; and at twelve he published his Latin translation of the Psalms of David, and at sixteen, his treatise upon reading the classics, from Ennius to the fall of the empire. J. Baratier, at ten, wrote his proposals for a new edition of the Bible, Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Rabbinical; and, at eleven, he published his translation of the travels of the Rabbi Benjmin.

Musicians and painters afford the most extraordinary instances both of precocity and longevity. To general or to some particular talents, musicians and painters must add a perfection of certain organs, which distinguishes them from all other men. Whilst each must have the hand adapted to his art, the one requires the most delicate sensibility to sounds; and the other, an eye accurately discriminative of the slightest shades of colour and varieties of form. The one must have a power of calculating the relations of sounds, and the other must reduce to system his organic effects of vision on philosophical principles, and apply them according to the utmost refinement of the best laws of our nature.

As a mere artist, or with an equal mind, the painter must infinitely surpass the musician. According to the present state of music, as an art, the practitioner or performer must consume a period in the acquirement of the mechanical action of the hands which precludes the opportunities of mental cultivation. If he superadd the science to the art of his profession, his abstraction from intellectual pursuits is the more complete; for the study of merely combining sounds, however delightful the result, gives little strength to the mind, and is totally distinct from the acquisition of knowledge.

The painter requires an extensive knowledge of

Bacon and Hobbes, particularly the latter, were precocious geniuses. Bossuet, at eight, recited sermons in a manner that surprised his auditors. F. de Beauchateau, at twelve, published his collection of Poems, "*La Lyre du Jeune Apollon*;" and Pope, at ten, dramatised the *Illiad*, making his school-master's gardener perform Ajax. Rousseau was a great reader of romances before seven, when he became a devoted admirer of Plutarch. Clairaut, at ten, was deeply engaged in the conic sections of the Marquis de l'Hopital. Voltaire's *Edipus* was written at twenty-four; and Racine's first tragedy, *Le Thebaide*, at twenty-five. Cassaubon was chosen Greek professor at Geneva, at twenty-three; and Selden published his treatise on the civil government of England before the conquest, at twenty-two. At sixteen, Cowley printed his *Poetical Blossoms*.

history. He must appreciate poetry and works of taste and genius, and study the passions in their origin, direction, and varieties of expression. The book of nature and the books of men must be as often in his mind as the pencil is in his hand.

Sir Thomas Lawrence in every respect may be termed a self-taught man. At six he was sent to a respectable school, kept by a Mr. Jones, at a place called the Fort, near Bristol; but he was removed from it before the age of eight. This was all the education he ever received, except a few lessons, in Latin and French, from a dissenting clergyman, named Jervis, whose son, likewise in the church, was chaplain or librarian to the celebrated Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, at his seat at Bow-wood, in Wiltshire.

Mr. Lawrence had kept the inn at Devizes between three and four years, when young Thomas was put to school near Bristol. His total failure as an innkeeper probably occasioned his child being sent for home. Mr. Lawrence left Devizes very shortly after the return of his son; and from this it is evident, that the child could have received very few Latin or French lessons from Mr. Jervis. To the two years' schooling at Mr. Jones's, we must add the instructions in reading and recitation received from his father, and this will be the sum total of all the instructions he ever received.

But the mind that is worth educating will educate itself; and long ere our artist had attracted the public attention, he had acquired a more than ordinary fund of knowledge. Of Greek he was totally ignorant, and his knowledge of Latin was not extensive or profound; but yet he was well acquainted with the ancient classics, as far as that acquaintance can be acquired by the medium of translations. Sir Thomas was not a linguist

his ardent mind was always engaged in efforts to obtain ideas and new combinations of ideas; and he had neither time nor inclination to study, in manhood, what is generally acquired in youth—a knowledge of words.

He knew little of modern languages, and even his acquaintance with the French was circumscribed and imperfect. When he received letters in French, from eminent foreigners who were induced to write to him by his celebrity all over Europe as an artist, he was often obliged to take them to a friend to assist him in the translation. And yet he was well acquainted with foreign literature. He had studied it as he had the Greek and Latin, through the medium of the English paraphrases.

In the writings of our own countrymen he was sufficiently versed. He was extensively read in poetry and the *belles lettres*. His memory was extraordinary, and he had a charming faculty of reading and reciting poems. His tone of voice was soft; it was clear, distinct, deep-toned, and admitted of every variety of expression.

With respect to that which high birth, or early association with high society can alone impart, his present Majesty, than whom there never was a more competent judge, pronounced that Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the most elegant and best bred gentlemen in his dominions. He possessed, with much refinement and elegance, the conciliatory self-possession which men of humble origin seldom attain, even by a long and familiar intercourse with the world of fashion. The manners of people casually elevated, generally assume a tone of servility, of restless punctilio, or of selfish enjoyment.

The fine person and features of Sir Thomas, as well as his air and conversation, gave him the ap-

pearance of one to whom dignity came by birth-right. He derived his fine cast of features, with his manly form and graceful action, from nature; but the charm of his conversation and manners arose from that which can alone impress the stamp of true gentility—intellect and goodness of heart. Invaluable as are the manners of a gentleman, there is one thing of a far more exalted nature, the *mind* of a gentleman; and this with its attendant spirit, its generosity, its frankness, and benevolence, seemed innate in our great painter.

The defamatory reports respecting him have been traced to very unworthy sources and are totally unfounded. It has been said that he had once assumed the profession of an actor; but he never appeared on any stage except two or three times in the private theatrical amusements at the Marquis of Abercorne's, at the priory, Stanmore.

It has also been alleged against him, that he was addicted to games of chance. His rectitude and delicacy upon this point were beyond all praise. He was passionately fond of billiards, at which he was a most graceful and successful player, but he played merely for the tables, as it is called. Even this amusement he had given up long before his death. A lady once asked him why he had so long ceased to play at billiards, the only game he was fond of, and at which he so greatly excelled. His reply was full of character—"My dear Mrs. —," he replied, "although I never played for money myself, my play attracted much attention, and occasioned many and often very high bets. Next to gambling yourself, is the vice of encouraging it in others, and as I could not check the betting, I have given up my amusement. I have not played a game for many years. The last time I was in a billiard-room was a few years ago, when

who should casually come in but the Duke of Wellington. We had often played together, and with nearly equal success. We agreed to have a batch ; but we were both so perfectly out of practice, that, after a few strokes, we could not help smiling at each other, and we laid down the cues."—Sir Thomas was fond of playing at drafts with children ; and this was the extent of his gaming.

He was not a bold or skilful horseman ; and this was the only corporeal exercise in which he did not excel. He was a fine fencer, a good violin player, and a capital sparrer : and, at the latter exercise, his attitudes and action were extremely beautiful. When a boy, he imbibed the love of pugilism, which seems indigenous to the part of the country in which he was born. He used to go with a playmate into the fields, strip to the waist, and box in a style which left severe and permanent marks of the severity of the sport. His friendly antagonist confesses that Lawrence became an over-match for him ; and yet this was the gentleman whose fine athletic figure induced Lawrence to draw from it, as a model of Satan, in his painting from the *Paradise Lost*.

It may be observed, that painters in England have been nothing but painters : whereas the great masters on the continent have excelled as public functionaries, or have been illustrious in science, or in other arts than that of their profession.

Cooper, one of our earliest painters, was deemed an excellent musician ; but music then required little science. Jarvis, although a translator of Cervantes, was a weak man and far from a scholar. Richardson was a man of intellect ; but his scholastic learning was small. Thornhill was a man of birth ; he had every advantage of a classical education, and he was a member of parliament as well

as of the Royal Society. Hogarth was grossly illiterate. Wilson and Reynolds had received classical educations from their respective fathers, who were clergymen; but Wilson did not know much, and Reynolds scarcely anything of Latin. Barry had made a good use of the little instruction he had received; West had no pretensions to classical literature; and Opie, Morland, and Romney were destitute of education, though the talents of Opie were great and precocious.

The disadvantages attendant upon the boyhood of Sir Thomas Lawrence are calculated to create a great and rational surprise at the extent of his acquirements, although, as we have already observed, they were not, strictly speaking, classical or profound. Before the age of eight he was taken from school, where he had remained less than two years. The only instruction he had received from his father was in *spouting*, which, with the society of a public inn, of which he must have been the witness, was calculated to create and foster the worst of tastes.

At four, young Lawrence could take crayon likenesses; and it is a very remarkable fact, that, at the age of five, his drawings of eyes forcibly attracted the attention of Mr. Prince Hoare, at Bath. Fuseli, who was fond of depreciating the merits of Sir Thomas, would conclude a detracting sentence, by uttering with his energy and strong emphasis—"but he paints eyes better than Titian."

At seven, the fame of Lawrence induced Sherwin to publish an engraving of his portrait; and an eminent author speaks of the child's wonderful faculty at taking likenesses. The same writer expresses his delight at the boy's recitations. He describes him as reciting from Milton and Shakspeare, with discrimination, feeling, and humorous

set-off, by appropriate attitudes, gestures and varieties of tones ; with a voice full, harmonious, and flexible. It may be remarked that the Black Bear at Devizes was frequented by Garrick, Foote, Wilkes, Churchill, Barry, Henderson, Burke, Sheridan, and other great wits and orators ; and no doubt the child must have attracted their attention, and benefited by their remarks.

On one occasion, we find Sir William Chambers, the architect, praising the child's talents, and Colonel Von Homrich giving him a guinea for his beautiful hand-writing. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, when they were at Devizes, used to take the child into a summer house, and amuse themselves by his clever remarks and declamation. When they arrived at the Black Bear, their first inquiry was for Master Thomas, and whether he had learnt any more speeches. Mr. Hugh Boyd, one of the supposed authors of Junius, was so enraptured with the beauty and cleverness of the child, that he invited the father, for the sake of the son, to his house in town—we think in Berkley Square. They stayed with him several weeks, during which he took the child to the houses of eminent persons, whom he delighted with his extraordinary talents, particularly with his pencil. His copying some stuccoes at the house of Mr. Richard Lee, is spoken of as a very surprising proof of juvenile talent. Neither Gainsborough, Wilson, Reynolds, West, nor any of our artists, displayed their talents at so early an age.

The first germs of talent for drawing were displayed by our principal artists as follows :—Richardson about twenty, Thornhill very late, Reynolds about eight, Wilson and Gainsborough very early, but the obscurity of their origin renders it impossible to fix the date. West's first effort was at seven, and Barry was seventeen before he ventured to handle a

brush. The stories of Morland's precocity are evidently exaggerated.

The first idea of instructing the mind of young Lawrence, and of rendering his hand any thing but a mere machine to obey his intuitive faculties, was imparted by a neighbor, the Rev. Mr. Kent, who lent him *Rogers' Lives of Foreign Painters*, and advised that his father should afford him some instructions. But the father had imbibed the unwise notion that education ruins genius, and that the study of rules and principles would create trammels for reducing original talents into mere copying-machines of the orderly productions of preceding artists. All he would ever permit was, that his son might see whatever collections he could gain access to, and copy from the great masters if he pleased.

But the Western counties of England were never famous for collections of art; and Sir Joshua Reynolds observes of his native county of Devonshire, that, although it had produced more good painters, it had fewer good pictures than any county in England.

The first painting that Lawrence ever saw, except the daubs upon the country inns, or the portraits over the farmers' chimney pieces, was in 1777, when he was eight years old, and was taken through Corsham House, the seat of the Methuen family. Going over the rooms, the visitants totally forgot the child, and, retracing their steps, they found him in one of the rooms, riveted to the spot by a painting of Rubens.—“Ah, I shall never be able to paint like that!” was his exclamation upon their removing him from the picture.

At the age of ten, suddenly, and at his own suggestion, our young artist burst, from taking likenesses, into original compositions of the highest class. He painted, as a subject, Christ reproving Peter for denying him before Pilate; and Reuben's

application to his father, that Benjamin might accompany his brethren into Egypt. Encouraged in these attempts, he next chose for a subject "Haman and Mordecai," which he finished with great rapidity.

The fame of the juvenile artist now spread among the higher families of Wiltshire and the neighbouring counties; and we find Mr. Wild of Lulworth Castle, taking him to the Earl of Pembroke's, at Wilton, and to the mansions of other noblemen and gentlemen who possessed galleries of the eminent masters.

It was not long after this that the Honourable Daines Barrington makes mention of young Lawrence in his *Miscellanies*:—"As I have mentioned so many other proofs of early genius in children, I here cannot pass unnoticed a Master Lawrence, son of an innkeeper at Devizes, in Wiltshire. This boy is now (Feb. 1780) nearly ten years and a half old; but, at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of Peter denying Christ. In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed in drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace if the subject permitted. He is likewise an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton and Shakspeare."

Considering the high authority of Mr. Daines Barrington upon the subject, this testimony in favor of the boy is conclusive. It adds greatly to the weight of the other authorities which we have adduced on the subject.

Mr. Lawrence now felt the narrow circumstances

of his family. The Black Bear, at Devizes, had not proved a fortunate speculation, and for obvious reasons. Whilst the father was revelling in poetry and speeches, and attending to the drawings of his son, the hosts of the rival inns were attending to the drawing of corks, and to all the details of their business.

In 1779, Mr. Lawrence and his family were obliged to leave Devizes. In the first instance they proceeded to Oxford, Mr. Lawrence's design being to turn his son's talents to some profitable account. The boy was only ten years of age, and yet to him was the family obliged to look for assistance.

The Bishop of Oxford, and many of the dignitaries of the University, in their way to Bath, had witnessed the extraordinary talents of the innkeeper's child at Devizes; and, upon their return to Oxford, his genius had been the subject of much discussion. When, therefore, it was known that Mr. Lawrence and his family had arrived in the city, the father was much noticed, and the child as much caressed. The boy's pencil was in immediate requisition.

He took the likenesses of the most eminent persons then at Oxford. His pencil, however, was not confined to the grave sexagenarian heads of colleges, and to tutors with countenances rubicund from learned ease, or withered by learned toils o'er the midnight lamp. Many of the younger nobility and gentry were desirous of having their likenesses taken by the phenomenon, and the female beauty of this dignified city and its wealthy neighbourhood equally pressed upon his talents. After a short residence at Oxford, Mr. Lawrence repaired to Salisbury and to Weymouth, then the favourite bathing-place of our late sovereign, and of a certain high class of the nobility and gentry. What occupation they gave to

the young artist, or the exact time of his residence among them, it is now impossible to trace.

In 1782, he repaired to Bath, and fixed his residence in Alfred Place, where he was soon surrounded by the most intellectual and refined of the nobility and fashion of the place. Bath, at that time, was as the West End of London, devoid of its mixed society and vulgarity, and it was the temporary sojourn of all that was titled, affluent, or distinguished. By these was young Lawrence patronised, and it became a fashion to sit for his oval crayon portraits, the price of which was soon raised from one guinea to a guinea and a half.

Immediately after his arrival at Bath, his portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as *Zara*, was engraved, and his portrait of Admiral Barrington met with a similar distinction. The effect of these flattering proofs of genius was crowned by the vivid interest taken in the young artist by the Honourable Mr. Hamilton, the uncle of the late Marquis of Abercorn. This gentleman was a distinguished connoisseur, and a man of talents. He had a valuable collection of paintings, bought with great judgment, and his friendly patronage of young Lawrence made him the pet of fashion; and, what was of more consequence, it gave him the means of unrestrainedly studying in his gallery, whenever inclination might prompt, or favourable opportunities occur. He revelled in the luxury of this collection, and soon produced some splendid copies of invaluable paintings. As the choice of subjects was unchecked, they mark the taste and feelings of the future head of the Arts in England.

Among his zealous patrons, were the Viscount Cremorne, Lord Barrington, his brother the Admiral, the late Bishop of Durham, (Shute Barrington)

ton,) Sir Henry Harpur, the Duchess of Devonshire, and numerous other persons. But his elegant manners, his refinement and intelligence, made him even the familiar companion of persons of a more elevated rank in society than himself. Among these, we may notice the Marquis of Ely, General Ross, the hero of Washington; Mr. Abel Dottin, the member for Southampton; and the list might be greatly increased, but that our object is to illustrate the engaging nature of the youth, and not to suppose a vulgar vanity of being noticed by the great.

Among the crayon copies which he now made from the great masters, we must particularly mention the Transfiguration by Raphael, the Aurora of Guido, the Taking down from the Cross of D. de Volterra, and the Vision of San Romuald, by Andrew del Sarto. For these copies, his father refused a considerable sum of money.

But his copy of the Transfiguration obtained him a very honorable distinction from the Society of Arts. We shall first give the proceedings of the Society, and afterwards a few explanations, which will testify the honour he received.

“Adelphi, March 9th, 1784.

“VALENTINE GREEN in the Chair.

“Mr. Whitford and Mr. Mathews.

“Took into consideration the single claim, Class 129. Marked the claim G. Examined the claim. Resolved, as the drawing marked G appears, by a date upon it, to have been executed in the year 1782, it cannot, according to the conditions, page 197, be admitted a claimant.”

“Adelphi, March 30th, 1784. -

“VALENTINE GREEN in the Chair.

“Dr. Johnson, Mr. C. Smith, Mr. Hincks, Mr. Samuel, Mr. T. Smith.

"Took into consideration the drawing of the Transfiguration, marked G, and opened the paper containing the names of the candidates, according to the direction of the Society; and it appeared to the committee that the candidate was Thomas Lawrence, aged 13, 1783, in Alfred Street, Bath.

"The committee having received satisfactory information, that the production was entirely the work of the young man :

"Resolved, to recommend to the society to give the greater silver palette, gilt, and five guineas, to Mr. Lawrence, as a token of the Society's approbation of his abilities."

"Adelphi, May 2th, 1784.

"JAMES DAVISON, Esq., Vice-President, in the Chair.

"A motion is made, that the inscription on the palette, voted to Mr. Thomas Lawrence, jun., be 'DRAWING IN CRAYONS, AFTER THE TRANSFIGURATION OF RAPHAEL, 1784.'—Agreed to.

"Adelphi, May 19th, 1784.

"OWEN SALUS BRERETON, Esq., Vice President in the Chair.

"Mr. W. R. Lawrence attended on behalf of Mr. Thomas Lawrence, jun., to whom the silver palette, and five guineas, have been adjudged, as a bounty for a drawing of the Transfiguration; and received the same for his brother."

Upon these documents I must observe, that the drawing was identified as the sole performance of young Lawrence by Mr. Prince Hoare.

The first reward of the Society at that period was its gold medal: the second reward was the silver palette. There was no gold or gilt palette then, although the silver palette sometimes received a gold rim, when a work was of very extraordi-

nary merit, and yet excluded, by circumstances exclusive of its merits, from competing for the highest prize. This was the case with Mr. Lawrence's drawing. It was the law of the society that a work of this description, to compete for the main prize, must be performed within one year prior to the date at which it is sent to the society. Mr Lawrence's drawing was marked as performed in 1782, and it was not sent to the society till the year 1784; and this excluded it according to the conditions of the society, (page 197,) from being taken into consideration for the higher prize. It was considered, however, to possess such very extraordinary merit, that the Society was not content with putting the gilt rim to the palette, but ordered it to be entirely gilt. Pecuniary rewards for works of art had long been abandoned, and this vote of five guineas was a very striking testimony of the opinions of the society in favor of the work. From this vote in 1784 to 1811, there have been but two instances of pecuniary rewards for works of art. The one was a vote of 3*l.* 3*s.* in 1787, and the other a vote of 21*l.* to Master C. Ross, in 1811, but both unaccompanied by medal or palette.

A person who recollects these proceedings informs me, that the beauty, the fine form and graceful manners of the boy, forcibly struck every body present when he appeared before the Society. This copy of the Transfiguration is on glass, and it is certainly an extraordinary production for a boy of twelve years of age. The expression, the buoyancy of the figures, the grace of the draperies, and the perspective, are admirable. The aerial colours appear to have acquired a tinge of blue or tone of lead, from time; and the draperies of the figures on the earth are made of a very strong red, and the figures are massy, in order to add to the aerial perspective, and

to increase the buoyant, floating appearance of the Saviour. His first attempt in oils, a portrait of himself, was just as strongly coloured, with transitions as sudden.

His large crayon drawings were now in great request, and many found their way to London and to Paris; he was in the habit of finishing three or four a week. For his half-lengths* he received three guineas; which, for Bath, and considering the value of money then, and the low reward of art, was a very extraordinary price. Sir Joshua's oil portraits, three-quarters, when he was thirty years of age, were charged at only 5*l.* 5*s.*; Morland's extraordinary juvenile drawings, from pictures and casts, sold only for 7*s.* 6*d.*, and his bold fancy-drawings, when at the age of sixteen, fetched only from three to five guineas in gilt frames. Opie's price for a portrait when he was sixteen, was only 7*s.* 6*d.*; and this was in an adjoining county to Bath, and after he had been patronised by Lord Bateman. Gainsborough's price for an oil head at Bath, when he was thirty-five years of age, was only 5*l.* 5*s.* the price received by Lawrence, at the age of fourteen, and only twelve years afterwards, may be considered as immense.

Young Lawrence generally received four sitters each day, and gave to each half an hour, and painted an half hour longer from memory, immediately they had left him. Thus was his youth, the period of

* Persons ignorant of painting are much perplexed by the inconsistent terms by which painters designate the sizes of portraits. The following scale will explain the subject:

Head size,	24 inches	by	20
½ ditto,	30	—	25
Kit-cat	36	—	28
Small half-lengths,	2 feet ten	by	3 feet 8
Half-lengths,	4 feet 2	by	3 feet 4
Bishop's half-lengths,	4 feet 8	by	3 feet 8
Whole-lengths,	7 feet 10	by	4 feet 10
Bishop's Whole-lengths,	8 feet 10	by	5 feet 10.

study, entirely consumed in the trade of supporting his parents. Sir Joshua had been two years under the best master of his time, and had visited the cities of Italy, and yet he lamented to the day of his death, his want of a regular academical education. Lawrence had never received an hour's instruction, nor had he visited Italy until about ten years before his death. A gentleman near Devizes had made Mr. Lawrence the offer of franking his son's studies in Italy, but from some inexplicable cause, the offer was rejected.

Young Lawrence one evening went into the Bath theatre, where, in an adjoining box, was pointed out to him a Miss Shakespeare, the belle and reigning toast of Bath. The next day he executed a capital likeness of her from memory. This and a beautiful drawing of Mrs. Siddons, as *Isabella*, in which he had caught not only her face, but her noble figure and fine action, at once raised him to a high rank in his art. The latter drawing was only engraved, and it had an extensive sale.

From the age of twelve to seventeen, his time was passed in this incessant labor; and when a Derbyshire baronet offered to lodge one thousand pounds in a banker's hands, to defray the expenses of his studies in Italy, declaring that he would be the glory of our country, if he had the advantages of early study, his father replied, that "his son's talents required no cultivation."

At seventeen, he made his first attempt in oils. The subject was Christ bearing the Cross, and the canvass was eight feet high.

After this large painting in oils of Christ bearing the Cross, young Lawrence painted his own portrait in oils. In this, he had evidently aimed at the style of Rembrandt in his middle life, when he had neglected his high finish, and availed himself of

too broad fulness of the brush, with deep contrasts and sudden transitions, and with great breadth of light and shade.

Mr. Lawrence had now resided six years at Bath. Whether the age of the son enabled him to oppose the father's injurious peculiarities, or to have a will of his own, it is difficult to determine; but the son was restive at confining himself to the drudgery, or even the celebrity of a provincial town, and he resolved not only to come to London, but to avail himself of all the opportunities of improvement which the metropolis supplied. If his want of means, or his parent's perverseness, prevented his having private instructions, or visiting the continent, he was determined to benefit as much as possible by the public institutions of London.

In 1787, young Lawrence was brought to London, as the scene of his future struggles. We must infer that the family had received no assistance from his mother's connexions, the Hills, or Reads. Their alienation must have been complete, or they would not willingly have permitted so near a relative as young Lawrence, to consume his youth in toils, for the support of his parents, and in a city within the sphere of their local pride and consequence. The Reads and the Hills must have been possessed of what is termed county or government interest, and yet the mean situation of a revenue officer was all that Mr. Lawrence received from the patronage of ministers.

On arriving in London, Lawrence was in his eighteenth year. His father immediately hired a very handsome suite of apartments (at four guineas a week) over a pastry cook's shop in Leicester-square. This at once indicates his love of display, and his possession of funds. These lodgings were within sight of the house of Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds, whose study and drawing-rooms were daily visited by the nobility, and the wealthy and celebrated persons in London. This was a sight inspiring to a lad of real genius and laudable ambition.

Provincial and metropolitan fame are very distinct; and notwithstanding young Lawrence's having been the phenomenon of Bath, his having received the medal of the Society of Arts, and his juvenile drawings having been talked of in London and Paris, these were scarcely sufficient introduction to a step so bold as that of challenging the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the height of his fame and splendor. But Sir Joshua was kind, and easy of access to persons of decided talents; and Mr. Prince Hoare had paved the way for the President's noticing young Lawrence.

Sir Joshua, in reply to an application from the father, immediately appointed an interview; and young Lawrence, with the sensibility inseparable from worth and talents was taken to the painting-room of this favored head and origin of the English school of art. Sir Joshua was forcibly struck by the beauty, and fine figure, and graceful manners of the lad; and he received him with an attention and a benignity that dissipated his apprehensions, and restored him to self-possession. As they entered, Sir Joshua was examining the specimen of another juvenile aspirant, who had evidently come upon the same object. The youth stood in trembling expectation of the decision of the oracle, which was to determine his course of life; and, after some ominous hems and hahs, some positive blame, and some condemning with faint praise, the Mæcenas dismissed him with the negative encouragement of "Well, well, go on, go on." The si-

tuation of young Lawrence during this scene may be easily imagined.

Sir Joshua now inspected the oil portrait of young Lawrence, of which I have already spoken. He was evidently much struck with it. He discerned those marks of genius which gave promise of the future fame of the artist. He bestowed on the painting a very long scrutiny, in, as young Lawrence thought, an alarming contrast to the more hasty glance with which he had dismissed the other.

At last he addressed the youth with an air of kindness, though serious and impressive: "Stop, young man, I must have some talk with you. Well, I suppose you think this is very fine, and this coloring very natural, hey! hey!" He then broke into a sterner tone, and began to analyse the performance, and to point out imperfections, sufficient in the alarmed imagination of the sensitive lad to destroy all hope of being a great painter. Presently, altering his tone, he began to show the "other side" of the picture—its merits; and he concluded in a mild manner, "It is very clear you have been copying the old masters, but my advice to you is, to study *nature*, apply your talents to nature, and don't *copy* paintings." He then took him by the hand, and kindly told him he was welcome, whenever he chose to call. Young Lawrence was always well received by Sir Joshua, from that hour to his last illness, which occurred four years after.

Mr. Lawrence possessed every element of worldly success; and when the frequent parties of titled and eminently intellectual persons found he had the *entre* into Sir Joshua's house; and when they witnessed the pleasure which this really great and good man took in noticing the young aspirant, they

drew inferences both of his talents and of his future success. He was quickly noticed by persons of consequence, and became a general favourite. Very shortly after, his Majesty, and the Queen, expressed their desire to patronise him. This is remarkable, for the late king had never given a single order to Sir Joshua Reynolds; and his gratification in art was, at that time, exclusively confined to the pencil of Mr. West. Sir Joshua had painted his majesty twice, but on each occasion at his own instance, and at his own expense.

Mr. Lawrence was now admitted a student at the Royal Academy; and one of his contemporaries has assured us that his presence among the young artists produced a very extraordinary effect. His countenance, person, and manners, drew forth admiration; his liberal and conciliatory disposition created attachment, and his superior talents and rapid progress were acknowledged without envy or detraction. He was just twenty years of age, when he was permitted to draw from the living subject; a privilege at that period not so extensively granted as at present. Two of his fellow students were Mr. Benjamin West, (son of the late president,) and Mr. Westall; with both of whom Sir Thomas Lawrence continued in friendship to his decease.

He did not long continue in his costly residence in Leicester-Square, but prudently removed to more suitable apartments in Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

A story, the offspring of mean pride and foolish vanity, has been circulated, that he was admitted an associate of the Academy against its rules, and at the special desire of the king. No such instance of royal interference with the laws of the Academy ever took place; and it is much more to the ho-

nour of Sir Thomas, that his passport to this admission was his own talents and good conduct. The election took place in Nov. 1791, and the candidates were Lawrence, Smirke, Stothard, Marchant, and Tresham. Mr Lawrence had the majority of votes, and the others were in succession as we have placed them.

Though private commissions to a considerable extent flowed in upon him, his pecuniary affairs were far from affluent. The drafts upon his private purse, in behalf of his parents, were absorbing: and his beautiful crayon drawings, executed with the facility of genius and the rapidity of long practice, were taken about by his father to be sold, even at the low price of half a guinea. Sir Thomas, latterly, bought up these drawings with great eagerness, whenever he could trace them. Let not pride conceal these facts. Sir Thomas, though he sometimes confidentially accounted for his straitened circumstances through life, by referring to his early burdens, never regretted them, or murmured at the reminiscence. The statement redounds greatly to his honour and it is made in homage to his memory. It may be observed, that Sir Joshua Reynolds said that, for many years, he had spent money faster than he got it; and when he moved into his house in Leicester-Square, had put by so little, that he expended his whole accumulations in fitting up the house. Nicholas Poussin tells us that his early landscapes sold for less than he had given for the raw materials. The early career of a painter is seldom profitable.

On the 3d March, 1792, we find Mr. Lawrence, and twelve other associates, attending the public funeral of Sir Joshua Reynolds to St. Paul's. The associates comprised the names of Bourgeois, Benomi, Stothard, and Smirke, and these five out of

the twelve attained to eminence. Mr. Shee attended the funeral as a student.

At the death of Sir Joshua, Mr. Lawrence had not completed his twenty-third year, and yet numerous honours were bestowed on him in preference to his very able competitors. The race was honourable to all; and his success was merited, and therefore excited no mean or malignant passions.

The Dilettanti Society unanimously chose him to succeed Sir Joshua, as their painter, though, to effect this, they were obliged to rescind a regulation, which prevented the admission to the society of any person who had not crossed the Alps. Mr. Lawrence's foot had never quitted the soil of England.

His Majesty also appointed him to succeed Sir Joshua Reynolds, as painter in ordinary; and he was raised from the rank of associate to an academician.

From Tavistock-street, Mr. Lawrence had removed to lodgings in Bond-street, and from thence to No. 41, in Jermyn-street, a house overlooking St. James' churchyard. He was succeeded in the apartments by his friend, Mr. Shee, who was destined to occupy the president's chair of the Academy at his death. From Jermyn-street, Mr. Lawrence took a large and well-furnished house in Piccadilly, near the Park, but his business did not increase sufficiently to support the establishment; and this speculation very much added to his embarrassments.

From his first coming to town, his principal commissions were as follows:

He painted a historical piece of Homer reciting his verses to the Greeks, in 1788, for Mr. R. Payne Knight. The figure of the young victor in the foot-race was painted from the athletic and symmetrical pugilist, Jackson, who afterwards obliged Mr. Law-

rence by standing as his model upon several occasions.

In 1790, he acquired great fame by a very beautiful portrait of Miss Farren, the actress, afterwards the Countess of Derby. This was acknowledged to rival Sir Joshua's recently exhibited and admired portrait of Mrs. Billington.

In 1792, he painted, by special order, two whole-length portraits of the King and Queen, designed as a present, to be taken by Lord Macartney, to the Emperor of China.

In Sept. 1792, he completed his whole-length portrait of the Duke of Portland, for the Town-hall at Bristol; and, in the same month, he finished the whole-length portrait of his Majesty, which the two members for Coventry had ordered as a present to the Corporation. This painting was so much admired, that the purchasers presented him with three hundred guineas as its price.

In 1795, the celebrated collection of M. de Calonne was sold in London by auction, and fetched 24,025*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; whilst that of Sir Joshua sold, the week before, for only 10,319*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Mr. J. J. Angerstein standing by Mr. Lawrence, overheard him admire a half length portrait by Rembrant: presently the lot was put up, Mr. Angerstein contested it; and it was knocked down to him at 105*l.* In the most flattering manner, he took an opportunity of presenting the painting to Mr. Lawrence; a friendship commenced between them, which lasted to Mr. Angerstein's death.

The paintings of Mr. Lawrence, exhibited at the Academy in 1796, attracted the attention of the public sufficiently to make criticisms upon them profitable; and they excited the severe scrutiny of that acute but malignant writer, Anthony Pasquin. He successively attacked the portraits of Sir Gilbert

Elliott, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Auckland, Lady Emily Hobart, and Mr. Knight.

This writer laid it down that Mr. Lawrence's portraits "were delicate, but not true"—that he had begun his profession upon delusive principles, and that he was intoxicated by the praises of foplings and the ladies. But, in a subsequent biographical sketch, the same author acknowledges his surprising talents as a child, and declares that, had he not been self-taught, "he might have been ranged amongst the most prominent masters in the Roman or Florentine academies." After extolling him for his filial piety, he proceeds to criticism, and blames him for being too profuse of his lights, too chalky, fluttering, and undefined.

Next year, 1797, he exhibited his Satan, painted for the Duke of Norfolk, a portrait of Lord Exeter, a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, and a head of Mr. Kemble. These met with great praise. His portrait of Mrs. Siddons, with respect to attitude, was an idea taken from Michael Angelo's figure of Contemplation, in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.

In 1800, he exhibited his portrait of Mr. Curran, and that of Kemble, as *Rolla*. The energy and expression thrown into Mr. Curran's countenance and figure, are more beautiful to taste than correct to truth; the likeness was finished in one sitting, and, in this respect, is wonderful. In the magnificent, theatrical portrait of Mr. Kemble, as *Rolla*, the child was a likeness of Mr. Sheridan's infant son.

In 1803, the Exhibition of the Academy contained Mr. Lawrence's portraits of lord Thurlow, Lady C. Hamilton, Mr. Windham, &c. This year is memorable in the history of the Royal Academy: certain proceedings had been taken by the General Assembly, but his Majesty interfered. He disapproved of the conduct of the General Assembly; directed

the secretary to re-enter the resolutions of Council expunged by the General Assembly, expressed his full approbation of the conduct of the suspended members of Council, and commanded the secretary to expunge all the resolutions of the General Assembly, and to enter his rescript in the books of the Academy. The Academy obeyed, and the President lauded his Majesty's paternal care of the Academy: Mr. Lawrence did not interfere.

In 1807, and 1808, were exhibited several very successful efforts of Mr. Lawrence's talents. Among these were his *Hamlet*, portraits of the Hon. B. Paget, of Sir Francis Baring, Mr. J. Baring, and Mr. Wall, (a group;) of Lady Hood, and of Mr Pitt. Among the laudatory criticisms that were published upon this latter portrait, the following appears to contain good sense and just estimation of the subject:

"Mr. Lawrence has been peculiarly successful in his portrait of the late Mr. Pitt. It is as accurate a likeness as could be obtained, and admirably expresses the lofty character of the original. The picture is also a very fine composition. Mr. Angerstein is the fortunate purchaser."

Notwithstanding Gainsborough's applauded likeness of Mr. Pitt, another critic says, that this is by far the best portrait which has ever been produced of Mr. Pitt. There was in the face of Mr. Pitt some characteristics which did not exist in his mind; a meanness, an indescribable simpleness—we scarcely know whether we should not say a *vulgarity*. But whatever might be the character of his countenance, it must be confessed on all sides, that his understanding was not reflected in his face—there was nothing of dignity or nobleness about it. It was not the physiognomy of a great orator; except, indeed, he were painted in the ardor and im-

petuosity of debate, when his intellect was collected in his countenance, and his talents beamed through his person.

"The present portrait of Mr. Pitt has a mixture of ideal art, with a sufficiency of that personal resemblance which a portrait requires. It is Mr. Pitt taken in his happiest mood, and represented, rather in the dignity of his actions, and the elevation of his great mind, than in the faithful portraiture of his person. It is a portrait in the epic style of painting, and worthy of going down to posterity.

"There is in the countenance of this picture that majestic and tremendous dignity, with which Mr. Pitt withered the attack of his opponents; that severity, by which the coruscations of wit and humour were extinguished before him; that proud and undaunted consciousness of personal integrity, with which he extorted admiration from the bitterest enemies of his public conduct.

"All the other portraits of Mr. Pitt have been tame likenesses of the man; none of them have, therefore, pleased. Simply as Mr. Pitt, there was every thing in his personal resemblance to excite contrary emotions to pleasure. As well might Alexander the Great have been painted with the hump on his back. Mr. Lawrence has better understood the dignity and latitude of his art. He has painted Mr. Pitt more in the likeness of his mind than in that of his person; but he has given a sufficient likeness to gratify the desires of affectionate remembrance, and has superadded that dignity and character which are of more value to posterity."

We must, for the sake of historical integrity, allude to the circumstance of Mr. Lawrence's staying occasionally at Montague House, Black Heath,

where he was taking the likeness of the Princess of Wales and her daughter, that enabled her royal highness' enemies to include him in the charges which they complicated against her. Mr. Lawrence did all he could to exonerate himself, by an affidavit, taken on the 24th of September, 1806, before the sitting magistrate at Hatton-garden Police-office. But the five noble commissioners who investigated the case, had recommended that the suborned witnesses should be indicted by the Attorney General for perjury, and Mr. Lawrence waited for the trial as a full exposure of the absolute absurdity of the imputation against him. What power protected the titled culprits from the indictment, it is useless to enquire, but Mr. Lawrence stands fully exonerated by all the facts which were eventually elicited by the public.

In 1814, the Prince Regent was visited by the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, by Field Marshal Blucher, the Hetman Platoff, and the illustrious warriors and diplomatists who had brought the war against the Emperor Napoleon to such a glorious termination. Upon their arrival, the Regent immediately directed Sir Thomas Lawrence to take the likenesses of these personages, as far as his strenuous exertions would enable him to avail himself of their irregular intervals from public affairs, during their short sojourn in this country. He repaired to York House, St. James' Palace, where he made splendid likenesses of the King of Prussia, Field Marshal Blucher, and the Hetman Platoff. These were designed for Carleton House.

The Prince Regent, on the 22d of April, 1815, was pleased to confer the honor of knighthood upon this distinguished artist, whose genius had so greatly elevated the character of this country for art,

in the estimation of the academies and courts of Europe.

In 1817, it fell to the lot of Sir Thomas Lawrence to perform one of the most melancholy duties that could be exacted of him. The pride and hope of the nation, the Princess Charlotte, for whom an extraordinary coincidence of circumstances had created the affectionate anxiety of the country, prematurely expired at Claremont. Sir Thomas had to take her posthumous likeness.

In the year 1818, the assembling of the potentates and most illustrious statesmen of Europe at Aix-la-Chapelle, to arrange the political relations of mankind, produced a concurring wish in the Prince Regent, and in the foreign emperors, that Sir Thomas Lawrence should proceed thither and transmit to posterity the likenesses of those by whose actions posterity was so much to be influenced. The genius of Lawrence had encouraged this desire; and, in the history of art, there is not on record a more splendid homage to the superiority of an individual over all competition. The glory of the man was reflected on his country.

To afford every advantage of light, and shade, and arrangement, for the subjects and accessories of those historical monuments, a wooden house was prepared in this country in framework, and sent to Aix-la-Chapelle; and Lord Castlereagh directed that it should be fixed in the garden of his hotel. It contained a room of 50 feet by 18, and two rooms of 20 feet by 18 and 18 by 12. It was shipped from the Custom house, on Saturday, the 3d of October, 1818, but by some mismanagement it did not arrive until long after it was wanted, and the portraits were taken in a large room in the Town-hall, little suited to the purpose, or to the dignity of those who had to frequent it.

On the 7th of November, 1818, the Emperor of Russia repaired to the Town-hall, to sit to Sir Thomas Lawrence. He was dressed in a plain green uniform coat, with two large golden epaulettes and a star, a military hat and white feathers, and boots, with pantaloons of the colour called light pepper and salt. Sir Thomas has represented him standing in a sort of joyous and negligent ease, and without losing the imperial dignity, the character of the man, and fine figure of the soldier, are preserved with the feelings which predominated at the time of the interview.

Having concluded his mission at Aix-la-Chapelle, he proceeded to Vienna: where he was treated with the highest honours, and with great personal kindness by the emperor, and the royal family. Here he painted the emperor, a gorgeous picture, without being falsely showy or deficient in sobriety of effect. He next took the likenesses of the archdukes, of the archduchess (Charles) and her daughters, of Prince Schwartzembourg, Prince Metternich, Capo d'Istrias, and other illustrious persons then at that capital.

From Vienna Sir Thomas proceeded to Rome, and he had now the happiness of contemplating those masterpieces of ancient art, which other great painters had had the advantage of studying at an earlier period of life. He arrived at Rome on the 15th of May, 1819.

An Italian Journal, of the 18th of November, 1819, announces that Sir Thomas Lawrence had finished the portrait of his Holiness; and, after bestowing a suitable applause upon this truly splendid production, it bestows the epithet upon him of the English Titian. His portrait of the Cardinal Gonsalvi, was another magnificent proof of his fine

science, as well as of his powerful execution and exquisite knowledge of effect.

At Rome he was caressed by the pope and cardinals, and he received from the Italian artists and foreigners of distinction then in the capital, a series of attentions and an expression of admiration highly gratifying to an Englishman to contemplate. The students of the French Academy at Rome repaired in a body to view the portraits when they were exhibited to the cognoscenti. One of them, after a short ecstacy, put his hands before his eyes, and would look no more, but retired exclaiming—“*Ah, c'en est fait, voila comme il faut faire les portraits.*”

On the 11th of March, 1820, the venerable president of the Academy expired, and Sir Thomas Lawrence was without opposition elected to succeed him, on the day after the funeral. He arrived in England in the ensuing April, after an absence of eighteen months, and found this high honour had been conferred upon him on the very day of his travelling to London. He brought with him eight whole-length portraits for the King, the Prince Regent having now ascended the throne, on the death of the preceding monarch, in January.

His Majesty highly appreciated the superb works that Sir Thomas Lawrence had brought with him, and he spoke of the honour which his art, as well as his conduct upon the continent, had reflected on his prince and on his country. Desirous of testifying his respect and admiration, the king, through the medium of Sir Thomas, conferred upon the presidency of the Royal Academy, a gold medal and chain, bearing the likeness of his Majesty, with the inscription, “FROM HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.”

On the tenth of the ensuing December, the anniversary of the founding of the Royal Academy, wh

the officers of the institution are elected for the year, and the prizes distributed, Sir Thomas Lawrence presided for the first time. He was dressed in a full court suit, and wore the rich chain and medal presented to him by his Majesty. The following is an abridgment of the substance of his first discourse to the Academy :

“ Gentlemen—I congratulate you upon the decided improvement of one of the schools of art (the Life Academy,) and the general alacrity displayed in all. A spirit of emulation, so useful in all professions, is most particularly essential to the perfection of our art. I caution you, Gentlemen, against too great a reliance upon that genius, with which nature has gifted you. It is by perseverance, and not by natural talent alone, that you will be able to surmount the difficulties of art—those difficulties which enhance and give superiority to our profession over all others. While I congratulate you that the Life Academy has this year retrieved its character, I cannot omit still to enforce the necessity of a constant attention to correctness and purity of drawing ; and this too, in the most minute and apparently insignificant parts, as well as in the general contour of the whole. The works of antiquity should never be absent from your memories. Let no one depend upon the correctness of his eye for fidelity of representation, without having first formed his idea of beauty from these—for a knowledge of beauty is essential to that of truth.

“ The Gentlemen who are Candidates in Historical Painting I would advise, when inventing their compositions, not to be led away by an attention *only* to a play of line, and a harmonious adjustment of parts, but to let truth, nature, and simplicity, be their guides. It is well known that the happiness of life is often lost by inattention to known and vul-

gar truths; and in the same manner are the beauties of art missed, by overlooking those simple and affecting incidents, which nature presents to us every day.

“When inventing, Gentlemen, I would advise you not to follow this or that great master, but to consider your subject as it would have taken place in reality—rendering every thing subordinate to expression; for it is by expression alone we can touch the heart. ‘He who would make us feel, must feel himself,’ says a high authority; and the experience of every day justifies the truth of the assertion. I would recommend to you, to make it your constant pursuit, every day and hour of your lives, to concentrate your thoughts towards that point—for whatever tends to fix and concentrate our thoughts elevates us as thinking beings. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Dominichino, and Rembrandt, are the four greatest masters of expression and form. From two sketches of these (in existence) it is evident that they made expression the primary and constant object of their studies. The first designs of Leonardo, and all his works (excepting those upon fortification and the mathematics) are all highly finished drawings of expressions; for the characters and expressions in his large picture of the Last Supper he appears all his lifetime to have been searching through nature. Raphael seemed to have formed in his mind the whole of his intended work before putting a line upon paper, and all was regulated by expression. Dominichino thought no line worthy of the painter, that the mind did not draw before the hand. The portfolio of Rembrandt is like the page of Shakespear: every drawing is itself a drama:—the passions speak for themselves. Composition, colour, arrangement of light and shade, all are lost in the power of expression. It is this, and this alone

that entitles our works to situations in the galleries of monarchs, and by the side of the great efforts of genius of different ages."

Sir Thomas then pointed out the course which he considered most proper for them to pursue, to attain the grand objects of art. Some, he said, as accorded with their various tastes, should endeavour to catch the action or energy of the living model before them—others, to imitate the traits of individual character;—some, again, to embody the vigour of manhood—others, to trace the more delicate forms of female loveliness;—some, to give the softness, the richness, the nature and substance of flesh—others to catch those splendid gleams of light from nature, which always surprise and please. The advantages which the Academy afforded in the painting school, also, should be an additional spur to the advancement of the student; for, not to mention the importance of the study of such examples of the great masters, in regard to the choice and the treatment of a subject, the very presence of them should be an excitement to emulation, if the student considered that he sat side by side, and studied, as it were, in company with those celebrated painters.

It was with sincere pleasure that the president noticed the continued and decided improvement of the students of the antique; their sense of his majesty's most gracious regard for the Royal Academy, in presenting them with so splendid a collection of antique models—many of them cast under the inspection of the greatest sculptor which ages have produced; and their veneration for those memorials of the taste of the best age of Greece, which was fully proved, by the zeal and attention which their drawings displayed. He recommended to them strenuously to endeavour at a progressive improvement, and to remember the uncertain tenure by which all

excellence was held. He trusted that the time would come, when, having accomplished the noblest ends of art, and their works being submitted to the inspection of men the most enlightened in understanding, most refined in taste, and profound in learning, of all Europe, it might with pride be acknowledged, that the basis of so magnificent a fabric was laid under the auspices of Mr. Fuseli.

The president concluded, by expressing his earnest wishes for their prosperity and happiness.

This concluding compliment to Fuseli was richly deserved by that highly-gifted artist. No man, of recent times, has afforded so excellent a subject for a memoir, full of humour, racy and peculiar. Such a tribute will be forthwith paid to his memory, by his excellent friend, Mr. Knowles.

Immediately after the coronation, his majesty directed Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint a full-length portrait of him, in his coronation robes, seated in St. Edward's chair, with his regalia as he appeared at the altar in Westminster Abbey.

It speaks highly for the independent spirit of Sir Thomas, that when the Queen died, he ordered all the schools and the library of the Royal Academy to be closed, until after her majesty's remains were removed from Brandenburgh House for interment at Brunswick. This was at a time when an impression prevailed, and was acted upon by persons in office, that any sympathy evinced for this unhappy lady was fatal to future patronage or countenance.

In the Exhibition of 1825, the object of general admiration was the truly beautiful portrait of the son of the present Lord Durham. The following extract from a periodical publication very fairly expresses the general opinion upon the subject. We must differ, however, from the critic, with respect to the crimson velvet dress, for it seems hard

ly in tone with the solemn, juvenile contemplation so beautifully depicted in the countenance.*

"This is one of the most exquisite representations of interesting childhood that we have ever beheld. The simple action and sweet expression of infantine nature which we see in this portrait, were never excelled by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his happiest moments. The boy is seated amid some rocky scenery, enjoying, apparently, a waking dream of childhood, and, for the moment, unconscious of external objects. His attitude is simple and natural—just as a child might throw himself down on a green bank after being fatigued with sport, when the flow of his animal spirits subsides without being exhausted. His dress being of crimson velvet, is of course very rich; yet it never attracts the attention for an instant from that soft look of innocence, and those engaging eyes which reflect the loveliest light of a pure and happy mind. It is, indeed, one of those works that makes the painter be forgotten in the reality of the creation which he has produced. It speaks directly to the feelings in the very voice of Nature, and at once fascinates the heart. The colouring is warm and chaste; the execution marked with equal feeling and accuracy."

In this year, at the desire of his Majesty, he repaired to Paris, to take the likeness of the king and dauphin. The king (Charles X.) was rather wayward in his sittings, and not punctual to his appointments. Sir Thomas conducted himself with a nice tact and fine spirit on this occasion, and the king, as a mark of his sense of this, complimented him by a present of the finest specimens of the Sevre china, in which his majesty gratified his na-

* The dress was originally of a rich yellow, but Sir Thomas thought that colour too positively accordant with that of the ground on which the child was sitting, and he altered it to red.

tional pride by displaying the exquisite ingenuity of the French artists.

Whilst at Paris, Sir Thomas visited Dr. Antommarchi, to inspect the cast he had taken of the Emperor Napoleon's face and head (after his death.) Sir Thomas examined it and expatiated upon it for more than an hour. He expressed his admiration at the perfect beauty of the outline and regularity of features, and pronounced that no portrait of him had equalled this model. It is to be observed, that in no instance has any cast, statue, or portrait, taken by Frenchman or foreigner, represented Napoleon with a ruffled brow, or with lines indicative of disturbed passions.

In Italy, (at Parma,) Sir Thomas had dined with the Ex-empress Maria Louise, and had taken her likeness, with that of her son.

On Friday, 9th December, 1825, Sir Thomas arrived in London from Paris, and the next day he presided at the annual meeting of the Royal Academy. As his address was extemporary, and suggested to his mind amidst the hurry of thought and the rapid succession of extraneous affairs, it may be taken as an invaluable mirror of his mind and heart.

The style is good, the thoughts clear, distinct, and ingenious, but the tokens of amiable and delicate feeling are beyond all praise. To the disappointed candidate for the gold medal, he says:—"The merit of the pictures has been generally acknowledged by the council and assembly, and the gentleman who has failed has shown sufficient power to justify our hopes from his talents in a future year."

Flaxman was then lying a corpse, and, after a fine allusion to his merit, he concludes, "You remember the feebleness of his frame, and its evident, though gradual decay. Yet how short has

the time been since you saw him with you, sedulous and active as the youngest member—directing your studies with the affection of a parent; addressing you with the courtesy of an equal, and conferring the benefit of his knowledge and his genius, as if he himself were receiving obligation.”

The following passage is interestingly applicable to what had befallen Lawrence himself, when his first beautiful production, at the age of twelve, had failed in obtaining the highest reward, only by an informality, and when the Society of Arts went out of their course, as much as possible, to render the secondary reward the more honorable. Speaking of those who had failed of their reward by not complying with the by-laws of the Academy, he says, “The penalty of the fault, or the mistake, must fall on the individual. The regret, indeed, may be deeply felt by the Academy, since few things can be more painful to it than to see a work of genius deprived of its reward, and the institution itself of the just credit, which it might otherwise have gained from it.”

In the year 1826, he sent to the Academy, amongst other works, his portraits of Mr. Peel, Mr. Canning, and Lord Eldon. He was always very successful in painting the likenesses of Lord Eldon; and, with respect to Mr. Canning, we never saw aught of painting that gave us the slightest idea of his face, figure, or character, except the portraits of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence. His portrait of Mr. Peel is perhaps, on the whole, not to be reckoned a very happy effort.

The following tribute was paid by a contemporary critic to Sir Thomas's works in this exhibition:

“A picture by the president, Sir Thomas Lawrence, the portrait of a child, which, had he pro-

duced no other work of art, every person of taste and judgment would consider entitled him to the proud rank he so eminently fills. Never, surely, since the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, did such a work as this grace the walls of the Royal Academy. The picture represents a sweet little girl, (the daughter of Sir George Murray,) who has just returned from a garden, with a lapful of the most beautiful flowers, which she is holding up, and looking you in the face with an expression of such sweet, innocent witchery, that one is almost beguiled into a belief that she will speak and ask you to cull a nosegay. This inimitable performance will prove one of the greatest attractions in the present exhibition; and if any thing *could* add to the fame of the masterly hand that produced it, this exquisite picture would stamp Sir Thomas as the first artist of the age.

“His portraits of the home and foreign secretaries claim our next notice, that of Mr. Peel being a Bishop’s half, while Mr. Canning’s is a whole-length portrait. The latter is represented in the House of Commons, having just risen to commence a speech; he is dressed in a blue surtout, with black pantaloons, silk stockings, and shoes, and he shows his fine figure to great advantage. The way in which the figure is brought out exhibits great skill; and this portrait, from its station as a centre over the fireplace, evinces the estimation in which it was held by the Committee for placing the pictures.

“We have also, by the president, portraits of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Mrs. Hope, Lady Robert Manners, Lady Wallscourt, and Lord Melville. The marchioness and Mrs. Hope are both painted with that attention to all the refinements of grace and beauty for which Sir Thomas is so pre-eminent¹ conspicuous.”

On the 14th of July, this year, the *Gazette* contained his Majesty's permission to Sir Thomas Lawrence to wear the insignia of the Legion of Honour, bestowed upon him by the King of France. The university of Oxford had conferred the honorary degree of doctor of civil laws upon him; and he had been elected member of several foreign academies. He had now attained all his distinctions of this nature, and we may enumerate his honours. He was knighted, the President of the Royal Academy, principal Portrait Painter to his Majesty, LL.D. in the University of Oxford; Member of the Academies of Rome, Venice, Florence, Vienna, and New York; Member of the Dilettanti Society, and Fellow of the Antiquarian Society.

He had received many splendid and honourable presents; among which may be specified, a diamond ring from the Emperor of Russia:—a diamond ring from the King of Prussia, with the letter F. (Frederick) in brilliants, on a purple enamel ground, set round with diamonds:—at Vienna, four very brilliant paintings, on large China saucers, of the palace and public buildings of that capital. From the sister of Princess Esterhazy he received the present of a rich cup and saucer, that had been brought to England from Italy by the late Duchess of Devonshire. 'Sir Thomas Lawrence,' in gilt letters, had been burnt in round the edge, and a wreath of flowers was painted in the inside. A picture of the Coliseum, in mosaic, from the pope, two feet by one, with the arms of his Holiness gilt on the top. From Cardinal Gonsalvi, a valuable gem of the Holy Family, two inches long, and one broad. From the King of France, the Sèvres China, a magnificent clock, and two superb China jars. The Duchess of Berri presented him with a breakfast service; the teaboard having a bas-

tiful painting on it, representing the court of Louis XIV. The whole of this was in a green morocco case, lined with crimson velvet, and with white satin covers. Besides these, he had received presents of paintings, snuff-boxes, valuable books, &c. &c. from Prince Metternich, and other eminent foreigners.

Among the most admired of the artist's portraits in the Exhibition of 1827, was that of Miss Croker. Nothing can surpass its life, youth, and vivacity. Its tone of colouring was excellent.

In the year 1828, the industrious pencil of this eminent man produced for the exhibition eight capital portraits. Lady Londonderry, with her son, and Lady Lyndhurst, were treated worthily of such subjects; but the portrait of the infant daughter of Mr. Peel almost equalled that of Master Lambton; whilst the painting of Lord Grey, without any particular aids of art to produce effect, was a perfect instance of life and individuality. The other portraits were of Lady Gower, Sir Astley Cooper, Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, and Lord Eldon. The portrait of Lady Ellis was equal to any thing of its kind from the pencil of any master; and it made, like a great many of Sir Thomas Lawrence's works, an excellent engraving.

Sir Thomas used to paint much by lamp-light, in order to adapt his works to the engraving.

In the succeeding year he exhibited the portraits of the Duke of Clarence, the Duchess of Richmond, the Marchioness of Salisbury, Mr. Southey, Mr. Soane, Miss Macdonald, of Lord Durham, and of Mrs. Locke. The solitary failure was in that of Mr. Southey. The peculiar face of that great artist, and liberal patron of art and literature, Mr. Soane, was given with a happy fidelity. Lord Durham's portrait was successful; but those of the Duchess of Richmond, and of the Marchioness

Salisbury, carried the art of colouring to a point which few artists could manage without verging on the false or the glaring.

From the respect entertained, in the place of his birth, Bristol, for his character as well as for his talents, he was presented with the freedom of the city at the time when a similar compliment was paid to Lord Eldon. The following is an extract of a letter to Mr. D. W. Acraman, in reply to his communication of this circumstance:—

"Russell Square, April 9, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your kind assurance now confirms to me, that I have received from my native city the very highest honor, (the protection of majesty excepted,) that could have rewarded my professional exertions. I beg you to express to those of your friends who, with yourself, have generously assisted in procuring it, the sincere gratitude and respect with which it has impressed me, and the attachment it has strengthened to the place of my birth, as well as the zeal with which I shall attempt to forward any measure conducive to its honour, and the improvement of its refined establishments. I shall gladly take advantage of your offer for the exhibition of my two other pictures. Pardon some haste in which I write; and believe me to remain, with the highest esteem,

"My dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"T. LAWRENCE."

"To D. W. Acraman, Esq. Bristol."

We are now approaching to the premature, the sad, and unexpected termination of this great man's useful career.

No person could be more indifferent to the acquisition of money, or more liberal in its friendly and benevolent application. We remember, when he resided in Greek-street, Soho,* and was, or was said to be, in retirement from embarrassments, a Mr. W—— obtained access to him relatively to his portrait. Next day Mr. Lawrence contrived to accept his invitation to his house in Gloucester-place. All other points being settled, Mr. W—— addressed him with—"I do not know whether I did wrong, Mr. Lawrence, in looking at a memorandum of prices I saw on your back drawing mantelpiece, but if you will now name the price of the portrait, I will give you a check for the moiety." "Sir," replied Mr. Lawrence, "since I saw you yesterday, I have ascertained that you have been a liberal friend to art and to artists, and some of my friends, I believe, have had proofs of the fact; I cannot, therefore, take from you my full charge. My price for your portrait shall be only one hundred and thirty guineas." Mr. W—— was much struck by the manner of saying this; and he rejoined, "Although I am not too proud to receive such an obligation thus offered, I assure you a reduced price is very far from my wish, and I would prefer paying the ordinary sum." But Mr. Lawrence, although then in difficulties, refusing to take more than what he had named, received the check for the half.

This portrait was long in hand; but Mr. W. bore his disappointment with urbanity. One day he sent

* Sir Thomas moved from this street into a large house in Russell-Square, built upon the ground of what had been Lord Baltimore's house, where the scene occurred which occasioned his Lordship's being indicted for his life. This house was afterwards the residence of the last Duke of Bolton; but when the Duke of Bedford pulled down his residence in Bloomsbury-square, and covered the meadows with streets and squares, Baltimore House ceased to be in the country, it lost its attractions for nobility, and was made into four smaller residences, of which Sir Thomas Lawrence occupied one.

one of the men from his garden (a clownish fellow) with a present to Mr. Lawrence, of some very choice fruit and flowers. The man was conducted into the painting-room, to wait until Mr. Lawrence could write an answer; he being then in an adjoining room very busy. Presently the artist was annoyed by the hey, hey, hey, and hah, hah, hah, and coarse laugh of the booby. Coming out rather ruffled, he petulantly asked the disturber what he meant by making such a stupid noise. "Hey, hey, hey,—hah, hah, hah," was all the answer he got from the round-faced, sun-burnt clown. "Hey, hey, hey—hah, hah, hah," replied the vexed artist, "what is it you mean, you rude fellow, by hey, hey, hey, and hah, hah, hah, in this manner in my room?" "Why loord sir, I hope no offence; but if there beant my master in that corner, all as one as life; well, well, if I did not think it was the little gentleman himself when I came in." Lawrence could not help smiling at the lad's idiot wonder. The portrait was not finished and was lying at the extremity of the room.

On one occasion, a widow of a poor artist was told, in her distress, "to try Mr. Lawrence;" and she was buoyed up to expect 5*l.* from him, "as he was a liberal man." She repaired to his house, and created very strongly his sympathy for her misfortunes. Having left the house, she unfolded the paper he had given her; and what was her astonishment, to find it not five, but a fifty pound note!

Mr. B——, the artist, was in great pecuniary distress, which came to the ears of Sir Thomas. One morning Mr. B—— unexpectedly called upon a mutual friend, in every appearance of gladness. It was to relate, that Sir Thomas Lawrence had sent him a present of a 100*l.* note, which, added Mr. B——, "has relieved me from my distress, and has made my wife's heart leap for joy."

When his man, Robert, who had long been in the habit of setting his palettes, &c., for him, fell ill, Sir Thomas used to call on him at his lodgings, sit with him, and read to him; and he supported him to his death.

When he went down to Haslar, to attend his brother's funeral, he witnessed the total destruction of the hut of a poor waterman, by the gale, which was so violent as to do very considerable damage to many public works. The wretchedness of the poor man, with his wife and numerous children in a state of nakedness, as they saw their whole property swept away, made a deep impression upon Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose mind was already oppressed with melancholy. He entered into the feelings of the sufferers, but what he gave them we know not; this, however, is known, that when, a few years afterwards, he again went to Portsmouth to witness the death of his remaining brother, he found the man and his family prosperous in a small cottage, and received from them their warmest gratitude for having "enabled them to do well in the world." After the funeral, he took leave of these poor people; and, praising their sober and industrious habits, he gave them a ten-pound note.

He must have sacrificed many thousand pounds by his delicate liberality in refusing to exhibit his foreign portraits in Pall Mall, lest they should injure the receipts at the exhibition of the Academy.

The following extract of a letter from Sir Walter Scott, is a fair example of the esteem and attachment with which this amiable man inspired all by whom it was honourable to be admired or beloved: "I knew your much-lamented brother very well, and besides having the pleasure to sit to him, I met with him very often when I happened to be in town, in the same circle of society; but we never correspond

ed together; and I have not even a note of his, though I should value it most highly. Nor, although I had much and sometimes very interesting conversation with him, and never saw him without pleasure and instruction, could I undertake *at present* to recollect any part of his conversations, so deservedly marked as he made them, and fit for publication. * * * I ought to add that a very flattering appointment of an honorary nature in the Academy was conferred on me through your amiable brother's interest, which I hold as a valuable mark of his regard."

Very many have been the affectionate testimonies to his memory by eminent persons. We trust we shall not offend one of the great triumvirate of our literature (and himself endeared to his numerous friends by the highest class of those amiable virtues which made Lawrence beloved by all,) if we quote an extract which has been shown us, of a letter to him on the same subject, from a gentleman who, for half a century, has been pre-eminent for his liberal and intellectual patronage of the highest branches of art. The letter is from Mr. Angerstein to Mr. Thomas Campbell.

"It is a great satisfaction to me, that our departed, mutual friend, Lawrence, should have one so capable as yourself, to undertake, from friendship, his biography, and do credit to his superior qualifications in his art; and, above all, to his amiable social intercourse—the charm of every circle in which he moved—without a bitter or sarcastic observation ever escaping from his lips. Our intercourse for forty years, from his first appearing in London, was more that of brothers than of any other character I can give it. I have frequently witnessed beautiful exhibitions of deference to acknowledged talent, and other amiable qualities, on

the part of Lawrence towards Fuseli, whose sarcastic irony must be known to all." Such was the man, prematurely snatched from us, and from the art which adorns life, and can inspire those virtues of which he was so fine an example.

Several proofs of the effects of his amiable manners in softening rude natures, have come to our knowledge. An eminent merchant, ignorant and purse-proud, had engaged him to paint his full-length portrait, with a vast number of objects introduced; which, as they were all to tend to a unity of expression, indicative of his consequence, cost not a little time and trouble in their selection. Next came a discussion of the *style* in which the portrait was to be painted. The gentleman had heard, he said, of Titian, Vandyke, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Michael Angelo, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Raphael, and Mr. West; and he desired Mr. Lawrence to tell him which was the best, for he would have his portrait of the very best, as he paid the best price. Mr. Lawrence gravely entered into a discussion of the styles of the different masters, using so many pedantic terms of art and elaborate circumlocutions, that the employer was ridiculously bewildered, and was glad to obtain composure, by ordering laconically, that his picture should be the *very* best, for he did not care what he paid for it. The sum was agreed upon, and a check given for the moiety.

The painting, however, proceeded very slowly, and the gentleman called many times exhibiting almost every degree of irritation. In the true spirit of trade, he imagined that business should be attended to; for, like many men of greater consequence, he knew not that works of intellect and genius must, even with the most regular and industrious, depend much upon impulses. The delay increased his anger to absolute fury. In vain a friend entreated him not to go to

Mr. Lawrence in such a temper, and commit himself. Off he set for Greek-street, declaring, as he slammed the door, that "he would stand it no longer." In about two hours he returned, composed, and even pleased; and his friend asked him what had occurred; when he replied, that Mr. Lawrence had not touched the painting since he was there last. "I hope," said his friend, "you did not go too far in your expressions." "Why," replied the patron, "I lost my temper terribly when I saw the picture in the same state that I had left it in, but Mr. Lawrence, somehow or other, changed the conversation, and showed me the likenesses he is taking of some beautiful ladies; to be sure he has got some beautiful things in that room of his; and he was altogether so *pleasant*, that I was quite at ease; and he has now promised that he really will finish my likeness immediately." Mr. Lawrence did finish the painting without further delay. When spoken to on the subject, he laughed heartily at the scene; and added, that when the gentleman knocked at the door, his temper was so violent, that the footman had insisted that his master was not at home; but, being in an excellent humour to deal with the intruder, he (Mr. Lawrence) had put his head over the bannister, and called out, that, though not at home even to the king himself, he would have the pleasure of seeing Mr. ———, who was accordingly admitted.

It is painful to record against nature, that a man so excellent, should meet with malign ingratitude: more mortifying is it, that such a vice should be found in a person of undoubted genius.

Mr. Harlowe, the painter of the splendid historical piece of the Kemble family, had been the pupil of Mr. Drummond, but was afterwards received in great capacity by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at the re-

quest of the Duchess of Devonshire. Harlowe circulated every where the report, that he had painted the Newfoundland Dog, introduced so excellently by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his admired portrait of Mrs. J. Angerstein. He had even intruded himself at the house of Mr. Angerstein, Woodlands, Blackheath, and taken credit for the performance, in a manner so confident and positive, that nothing but the repute in which the honour of Lawrence was held, could have prevented the perfect reliance on the assertion. All that Sir Thomas Lawrence did, in a case which would have justified strong resentment, was to say to him, "As the animal you claim is among the best things I ever painted, of course you have no need of further instructions from me. You must leave my house immediately." Mr. Harlowe did this without hesitation, and he repaired to the Queen's Head, at Epsom, where, by his style of living having incurred a bill which he could not discharge, he proposed, like Morland, at the King's Head, to paint a sign-board in liquidation of the score. This was accepted. He painted both sides; the one was in a good imitation of Sir Thomas's style; and the other represented the back view of the queen as if looking into the sign-board, and, underneath was printed T. L., Greek St., Soho. When Sir Thomas met him, he addressed him with, "I have seen your additional act of perfidy at Epsom, and if you were not a scoundrel, I would kick you from one end of the street to the other." "There is some privilege in being a scoundrel, for the street is very long," replied Harlowe, unabashed, but moving out of distance of the threatened resentment.

Sir Thomas sometimes defended himself very humorously from the encroachments of sordid avarice, as well as from the annoyance of silly and

purse-proud vanity. On one occasion, when a lady of property wished her portrait taken, gratis, on the ground that her face would make a capital picture, that would do the artist credit, Sir Thomas concluded his neatly turned and delicately ironical compliments to her beauty, with "but it is some years since I painted for fame." When a wealthy lady was once exceedingly desirous that her portrait should be worth the money, she concluded every expression of sordid fear with the question, "But how will you paint it, Sir Thomas?" Sir Thomas, with great good humour, kept making the reply, "Why, madam, you pay to have it well done, do you not?"

On the other hand, he would often paint from friendship. An old friend begged him to recommend a cheap but competent artist, to take the likeness of his nephew, who was about to sail to India. Sir Thomas duly promised, but, as usual, deferred the execution, until he was told that it was too late. He was evidently chagrined: but, to make amends, he made the young gentleman call upon him the next morning very early, and, in a few hours, took an admirable likeness, which he sent as a present to the uncle.

Sir Thomas was fond of rhyming; and if his compositions were not fraught with the genius of poetry, they exhibited a neat turn of versification, with pathos, and a vein of amiable humour. We insert the three first stanzas of about fifteen which he wrote one day, on being left alone after dinner. They are not given as specimens of poetry, nor even as a specimen of his general composition, for they are inferior to its average; but they humorously show the easy tone of manners from servants to a kind, indulgent master.

How shall I, friend, employ my time
Alone, no book of prose or rhyme,
Or pencil, to amuse me ;
Nor pen nor paper to be found,
Nor friend to push the bottle round,
Or for its stay abuse me ?

The servants come and find me here,
And stare upon me like the deer
On Selkirk in Fernandez ;
And, quite as tame, they wipe the chairs,
And scrub, and hum their favorite airs,
And ask what my command is.

I wish one knew the way to change
Customs so barbarous and strange,
So savage and inhuman ;
I wish the sex were kinder grown,
And when they find a man alone,
Would treat him like a woman.

He would sometimes, though not often, be troubled with "thick o'ercoming fancies." Once he had called several evenings upon a family, and always in unusually low spirits. One of his friends observed this to him, when he replied, with a hurried displeasure, "How can it be otherwise, when I have lost Michael Angelo's witch for three weeks upon the waters, without knowing what had become of her?"

His kindness to animals was excessive. It was not in his nature to inflict or to witness pain. In a letter to a lady he says, "Have you had more letters from Sir Walter? (Scott.) How sincerely sorry I am to learn that his favourite hound is dead. A selfish regret has great part in this feeling, for the fine animal was to have been my subject."

No man was ever more affectionate to relations. On the death of a niece whose portrait he had taken, and had had engraved, he writes to a friend, in great depression of spirits—"I have lost a sweet, good, modest little being, in my niece Susan; but who can.

for the innocent, lament the death of the innocent! It is a severe affliction to her parents, sisters, and friends. I feel thankful that this one talent, which God has given me, has, in this case, afforded consolation to my good sister and her family, by perpetuating the form, and expressing the nature, of this lovely, lamented being, my dear Susan."

No idea could have been entertained that the dissolution of this amiable and enlightened man was so fast approaching. On the 24th of December, a fortnight before his death, he dined alone with an old and confidential friend. In the course of conversation he observed that, from the regularity of his living, and the care he took of his health, he thought he might attain a good old age; but, nevertheless, he would wish to insure his life for 5000*l.*; and, telling his age, he asked what would be the premium.

He fixed on the Friday to effect the assurance—on the previous day he expired! At this conversation he appeared perfectly well and complained only that at night his eyes and forehead became heated, and he required cold water and a towel to bathe them. But this had been a practice with him years before.

He had long indulged himself in the hope of spending a week or fortnight, including the Christmas-day of 1839, with his sister, Mrs. Bloxam, in Warwickshire. Always anxious on this account, in a letter to his sister, dated the 17th of December, he says, "I am grieved to the soul that urgent circumstances keep me at this time from the comfort of seeing you; but, in the next month, I will certainly break away from *all* engagements to be with you."

After several intermediate letters, he wrote on Wednesday, January 6, 1830:—

"I meant, my dearest Anne, to be with you by next time to-morrow, and have made exertions to

so; but it may not, can not be! you must be content to see me to a late, simple dinner on Friday. Pray pardon a disappointment so painfully given by

"Your faithful and affectionate Brother,

"THO'S LAWRENCE."

"P. S. I grieve to hear of the sad illness of good Lady S. Her pictures went from my house this morning, and by the person carrying them to the office I have sent you to-day four pheasants.—Love to all, and best remembrances to the Doctor."

"*You must be content to see me to a late, simple dinner on Friday.*" Alas! alas! that hour of dinner had not arrived, when he was a corpse. Little now remains of our task, but the sad account of his death.

On Saturday, the 2d of January, he had dined with Mr. Jackson, and others, at Mr. Peel's, with whom he had been for some time in habits of intimacy. The next day he complained of a slight pain in the neck and the lower part of the face. On Tuesday evening, the 5th, he thought so little the matter with him that he attended the committee of the Athenæum, and appeared cheerful and communicative, merely complaining of a slight cold. On Wednesday he felt himself so much better that he worked for some time upon his splendid portrait of the king in his coronation robes. He had touched no other drawing since he had assisted Mr. Lane, who worked in his house on the lithographic print of Miss F. Kemble, in which Sir Thomas took great interest, himself giving occasional touches to the engraving. His old and esteemed friend, Mrs. Otley, and her young family, spent the evening with him. After their departure, he felt so much indisposed that he sent for his friend Dr. Holland, who conceived his case so dangerous that he even sat up with him the whole night. No idea of danger had

been previously entertained, nor any notion that he was worse than what is usually called poorly. On Thursday morning he was so much better that he received two of his friends in the evening, and he had read to him the able article in the *New Monthly Magazine*, written by his friend Mr. Thomas Campbell, upon Flaxman, who had been mutually beloved and admired by both of them. After some easy and pleasant conversation upon this article and subjects of art and general topics, the two friends left his chamber, and retired for a short time to an adjoining room. Presently they were alarmed by the servant's cries for assistance, and, on running into the room, to their horror, they beheld their friend a corpse.

The servant related that, when he was called in, his master's arm was bleeding (he had been bled on Sunday.) He leaned back in his chair, seemed much oppressed, and exclaimed—"I am very ill—I must be dying!"—These were the last words he uttered.—A few seconds converted the most feeling and beloved of beings into mere unconscious clay.*

One of his last acts of kindness was sending the following letter to a French lady, who had dedicated to him a little publication on Flower painting:

"Madam—The pressure of very urgent business has prevented me from sooner acknowledging the receipt of the very elegant and flattering present which you have done me the honour to send to me: a work that, in its interior character, does infinite credit to your taste and talent: although I fear your judgment in its dedication must be considered to have been too much influenced by your partial kindness to the artist who has been thus distinguished by you. I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for this unexpected obligation, and to be assured of my

* Sir Thomas was aged 60 years 8 months and 24 days, at his decease.

best wishes for your success in the pursuit that you have chosen, and of my earnest endeavours (when ever there is a prospect of their being useful) that professional merit of such certain character (especially when accompanied by so amiable a nature) may be appropriately rewarded.

"I have the honour to remain, with respect, Madam, your exceedingly obliged, and very obedient servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

An artist, being a man of considerable merit and without patronage, had submitted three of his pictures to Sir Thomas's inspection. He called one evening at Sir Thomas's house, anxious to gain his approbation, and, at the same time, to take them away. He sent up his name to the president, who followed the servant down stairs, put a paper folded up into the hand of the artist, saying, "I had left this should you have called whilst I was from home. I much admire your productions, and wish you every success." The artist had only patience to get to the first lamp, when he was anxious to know what the paper contained; he unfolded it, and found within it a 30*l.* note, *which saved him from despair*. Mrs. M. was the widow of a highly-endowed engraver. Being in great distress, she was advised to apply to Sir Thomas for his recommendation to the Artists' Benevolent Fund.* On her interview, the president candidly told her he could be of no service to her that year, as he had given away all his recommendations; "but," said he, "accept this in the mean time, (placing a 5*l.* note in her hand,) and I think I can serve you with the council and body of academicians." From that respec-

Sir Thomas had been chosen President of this Fund a short time before his death.

table body Sir Thomas obtained for Mrs. M. no less than 50*l*.

While the too notorious Thurtle lay in prison for trial, Sir Thomas expressed a wish that he might be allowed, without observation, to take a glance of the atrocious villian as he took his exercise in the prison-yard. This request was not only refused but was afterwards represented as an application to take a cast of the man's face before he was even tried, and information to this effect being actually conveyed to the reporters of several journals, who were present at Hertford, the statement unfortunately appeared in several morning publications. It was in a paper now extinct, that the kind-hearted president saw the gross impeachment of his humanity, one morning when he was going to paint that admirable portrait of the King, in which his majesty is represented in a blue dress, seated on a sofa, with his arm carelessly thrown over the end. Sir Thomas was so affected that he could hardly proceed with his work. The King observed his distress, and listened to the cause of it. The present Lord Stowell also consoled him, smilingly, by representing the liability to which all great men are subject, of having their actions misinterpreted.

On Wednesday night, the 20th of January, the body was removed from Russell-square to Somerset-house, and the next morning it lay in state in the Model Room; the public, however, being excluded.

At about half-past twelve, the funeral procession moved from Somerset-house to St. Paul's, which it did not reach till half-past two. It consisted of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, mutes on horsback and on foot, the hearse, followed by forty-two mourning coaches and about one hundred private carriages, including those of the ministers of state, the public functionaries, and the principal nobility.

The pall-bearers were the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Gower, the Right Honourable Robert Peel, the Honourable Agar Ellis, Sir George Murray, Mr. Croker, Mr. Hart Davis, and Earl Clanwilliam; the Reverend R. Bloxam, eldest nephew, chief mourner. The officers of the Royal Academy, the Royal Academicians, associates and students followed, together with the officers of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, of the Society of British Artists, &c. In the cathedral, the procession took the following order: The two junior vergers, the marshal, the young gentlemen of the choir two and two, the almoner, the vicars choral two and two, the junior minor canons two and two, the feathers, attendant pages and mutes, the junior verger, the prebends two by two, the junior residentiaries two and two, the senior residentiaries two and two, the senior verger, the dean, pall-bearer, the body pall-bearers, chief mourners, the mourners two and two; the old servants, the family trustees and executors, the rector, the medical attendants, the chaplain to the Royal Academy, the secretary to the Royal Academy; the academicians and associates two and two, the students two and two, private mourners two and two.

Arrangements of the choir.

THE BODY.

Pall Bearers, Pall Bearers,
 Royal Academy, Principal Mourners;
 chief mourner, confidential servant standing; the
 executors, the rector, medical attendant.

The marshals with their constables:—the undertaker's men formed a passage proceeding to the vault door. The chief mourner proceeded to the centre of the dome; the other mourners formed a ring; the Academy turned to the right, and the other mourners to the left, forming an outward ring,

within which were the clergy, choir, and chief mourners. The funeral service was performed in the chapel by the Reverend Dr. Hughes, canon residentiary; and, in the choir, the service for the burial of the dead was read by the Bishop of Llandaff, who is also dean of St. Paul's. The service was finished, and the body was deposited in the vault about half-past three o'clock. Afterwards the academicians, associates and students of the Royal Academy, returned to Somerset-house, where refreshments were provided for them.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of the succeeding year, eight of the portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence were included. Their very merits excited most painful reflections, as they were the last that would grace those walls by the same able hand. These were the portraits of Lady Belfast, Sir R. J. Woodford, the Archbishop of Armagh, Miss Fry, the Earl of Aberdeen, Thomas Moore, the Earl of Hardwicke, and J. J. Angerstein, Esq.

In May, 1830, Sir Thomas Lawrence's private collection of paintings and drawings were sold by auction in Pall-mall; and, in June, a collection of some of his most eminent paintings were exhibited, for the benefit of his family, at the British Institution in Pall-mall.

ANGELA DE LA MORINIER.



Born 1788.—Died 1804.

ANGELA DE LA MORINIERE was born in the year 1788, in the mansion of Bellevue, near Paris. Her father was an able engineer, attached to the service of the Princesses of France, in the hydraulic department; and as, by means of this office, he had an intimate connexion with the court, he expected that a brilliant destiny would be open to his daughter, under the protection of the Princesses Adelaide and Victoria, aunts of the reigning monarch. Angela was held at the baptismal font by the latter lady; a favour which had no sooner been asked than granted, and which filled the parents of the child with lively transports of joy. Nor was this without reason; the name of godfather, to which, in general, so little importance is unjustly attached, offers, nevertheless, in the case of princes, great advantages and consideration to the child. By this kind of affiliation, the honour and respect due to the great personage reflect some lustre on his god-child; and thus the newly-born possesses, from the very cradle, a passport to society in future life.

It has been a thousand times repeated, and it would not be improper to repeat it a thousand times more, that education is a second nature, and that it is principally to the talents which we have acquired in infancy that we are to ascribe the actions of our after-life. The impressions received in our early years fix themselves strongly in our minds, and it

requires extraordinary exertions to efface them from the memory. The duty, therefore, of gently leading children from the first dawn of existence into the paths of rectitude, and moulding their moral qualities to the exercise of love and virtue, is an imperious obligation laid on parents, but which they are too prone to neglect in the far less important considerations of worldly advantage. Madame de la Moriniere was not one of these imprudent parents: to the touching softness of a mother's heart, she added, fortunately, strength of intellect and a clear understanding. She commenced by nursing her own child; a maternal duty often neglected by females, and which neglect is not unfrequently attended with injurious results. The mother, continually hanging over her child, has an opportunity of watching the slightest shade in disposition, and not only of observing every symptom which may threaten the tender frame of the infant, but of discovering the waywardness often preceptible even in this very early period of life.

Madame de la Moriniere was amply compensated for her maternal cares, in the progressive improvement of her daughter in mind and body. She was exempt from the maladies, and from the accidents, which but too often assail those infants who are intrusted to mercenary nurses, at a time when children require all the fond attentions of a mother. A sound constitution and a good state of health are highly favourable to the development not only of the mental qualities, but of those of the temper and the person; and Angela possessed these advantages. Never contradicted without cause, carefully conducted by persuasion and mildness, and totally ignorant of the agency of fear, she highly improved the happy disposition which she had received from nature; and the greatest softness and amiability

were discoverable in her earlier years. She was never known to utter those piercing screams, nor throw herself into those infantine bursts of passion, which are the forerunners of a violent temper. A placid smile sat habitually on her lovely mouth, whilst the gentle joy that beamed in her eyes heightened her innocent and interesting charms.

Beauty, indeed, was hers in a high degree; and each new day served to develop those attractions which gave such abundant promise for maturity. The possession of this advantage ought always to be esteemed secondary to the more important attributes of human nature; intellect and virtue, but is, nevertheless, of material moment in a female.—But merit seems enhanced when a kindred spirit, a complete harmony, is found between the beauty of the frame and that of the mind—when the former seems to be a reflection of the latter; and such was the case in Angela. Gentleness and placidity, and genuine kindness of heart, gave a double share of expression to her beauty.

But the native goodness of her disposition deserved much higher praise than what she merited for her other qualifications. From her tenderest age she exhibited an eagerness to show love and respect to those who surrounded her. She listened to the advice of her parents with deep-felt attention, and obeyed it with equal docility and pleasure. It is not strange that, with so happy a temper, and such winning manners, she should have found the way to the human heart, and been early initiated in that most important accomplishment, the art of pleasing. From this she gained the appellation of Angela the beautiful and the good. The Princess Victoria was charmed with her little goddaughter; and, as she received great pleasure from her childish sallies, no less than in observing the excellence of her dispo-

sition, she had the little girl frequently by her side, and showed her partiality not only by bestowing numerous toys on her, but by giving her presents of much higher value.

Angela was very fond of flowers, and, in her walks about Bellevue and Meudon, she used to make a collection of them, and come home with a nosegay for her friend. One day she was heard to exclaim with a sigh, "Oh! how happy I should be if I had a garden: I would fill it with roses, jasmines, and other sweet flowers, of which I would make bouquets for mamma and godmamma." These words were immediately reported to the princess, who, without loss of time, caused a fine mansion, with a beautiful garden, to be bought near Bellevue, and offered it to Madam de la Moriniere, as a gift for her daughter. Angela, full of gratitude, hastened to kiss the hand of her benefactress; and, as she had always something pretty to say, she did not let the present opportunity escape without affording another proof of the goodness of her heart and quickness of her mind: she said, "Generous princess! Oh that I had the power of a king! I would then build a temple to *Benevolence*, and I would worship you in it all the days of my life."

A marked love of order and regularity was observable in Angela from her infancy; she took the greatest care of her *dolls*, which were very numerous, as every lady of the court felt a pleasure in making her presents; and the manner in which she used to arrange them in a little room, and mend their dresses, &c., gave indication of that domestic taste which ought always to be encouraged in women. As Angela grew, her figure became more and more beautiful; and the qualities of her mind acquired additional strength and lustre. She read well, and was very clever at needlework; but her parents, with

great foresight and good judgment, endeavoured to make a lovely and interesting woman of their daughter, rather than an infant prodigy, which is often the ambition of vain and injudicious relatives. Those of Angela accordingly devoted their principal attention to the forming of her character, and cultivating the finer qualities of her heart, without which learning and accomplishments cannot confer true happiness on the possessor.

It was at this period that the tremendous storm of the French revolution began to threaten the devoted country, France. The political concussions which followed soon after, caused the ruin of the protectress of our heroine; and the fortune of her own parents was involved in that calamity. Monsieur de la Morinière was deprived even of the house and garden which the princess had bestowed as a gift on his daughter. The dreadful and momentous events which now succeeded each other with rapidity, afford a striking and salutary lesson to mankind. Precariousness of those advantages which are bestowed by chance, was forcibly displayed, and made a strong impression on the minds both of the vulgar and the great. The gifts of rank and fortune were justly considered as less important than heretofore, as they might be so easily swept away by unforeseen occurrences; and hence grew a juster valuation of the more solid advantages which result from a cultivated mind.

Madame de la Morinière, who well knew the worth of education, now found an additional motive for attending to that of her child, in order that she might acquire some benefit in lieu of the fortune which she was in danger of losing, from the stormy appearance of the times. She brought Angela to Paris; and, after deliberating on the choice of a school, she at length placed her in one which seemed

combine the greatest number of advantages. Here neither care nor expense were spared to confer on Angela all the benefits of instruction : she learned in succession the elements of grammar, geography, and history ; while, to serve as a diversion from drier studies, she devoted part of her time to music and drawing. The progress which she made in these pursuits was such as to draw much praise on herself, and give the most lively satisfaction to her parents. Young as Angela was, it had still been impressed on her mind, that the wealth of knowledge, which she was acquiring, was likely to prove in the sequel not merely a matter of adornment, but of utility ; and that the time might come when she should be obliged to resort to her abilities in order to provide for her subsistence. Under this impression, added to the natural inclination which she had for study, it is not surprising that she should have acquired, in a very short time, distinction in the school. In the second year after her entrance she gained almost all the prizes ; but this success did not in the least render her vain or conceited. She preserved her usual tone and modesty of manner ; and being asked by some of her companions how it was possible that she contrived to gain so many prizes, she answered with as much meekness as candour :—" My good friends, I can assure you that there is nothing in this of which I should be proud ; perhaps I have greater facility in learning ; but this circumstance renders my merit less than yours, since my industry is not so great."

But amongst the arts which Angela cultivated, there was one for which she evinced a decided taste and aptitude : this was drawing. Long before she had received any lessons, she had given proofs of the progress she would make when her talents should be properly directed to its pursuits. In her

moments of leisure she used to trace on paper all kinds of figures, which, if deficient in the rules of art, gave, nevertheless, ample demonstration of an inborn readiness. In the progress of the time that Angela was at school, her masters, as well as the mistress of the establishment, discovered new traits in her character, which increased the favourable impression her first appearance had made. She became, accordingly, the favourite of the governess, who, in her short absences from the class-room, invariably left the little Angela to supply her place, and, not only to see that order was preserved, but to correct the lessons of her companions. At this time she was not more than thirteen; and so conciliating was her manner, that the pupils, generally little disposed to pay deference to one whom they consider on terms of equality with themselves, showed no unwillingness to obey her.

Angela had become a great proficient in arithmetic. This science, which, from its uninviting nature, seems little calculated to afford pleasure to the juvenile mind, was, nevertheless, assiduously studied by our heroine, so that, sometimes, even without the aid of pen or slate, she made, without difficulty, very complicated calculations. Her master asked her one day, in jest, to tell him off-hand what was the product of five hundred and seventy-nine francs, multiplied by three hundred and eighty-seven. She answered immediately, without the least hesitation, two hundred and twenty-three thousand five hundred and seventy-three francs. The master, believing that this was a mere effort of memory, or of some fortunate chance, desired the pupil to prove what she had said; when, to his astonishment, he found, that her answers were dictated by real knowledge of the subject. He observed, that he himself could not have made the computation with-

out the aid of the pen. Angela showed the same quickness in other branches of instruction. History and literature had great charms in her estimation; and her extracts from the History of France show not only her partiality for that study, but a clear judgment and profound reflection in the comments she made—comments which would have done credit to more mature years.

She begins her extract from each reign by a short introduction, to give some notion of the prince as well as of the times in which he lived. We will mention, as an example, the reign of Pepin, father of Charlemagne, and founder of the second French dynasty. "Ambitious men and conquerors have generally made use of religion as an instrument for gaining over the common people, whose inconstancy is not always to be fixed by the wisdom of government." This is certainly an imitation of a French historian; but it argues, nevertheless, much of a reflective mind in so young a person. After having rapidly sketched the reign of Pepin, the little historian proceeds to that of Charlemagne, which she commences in the following manner:—"Though it is extremely rare to see, in the same house, an uninterrupted series of great men, still, after Pepin d'Heristel, Charles Martel, and Pepin le Bref, we find Charlemagne, the son of the latter, cast all his predecessors into the shade, by the brilliancy of his exploits." Angela made, also, great progress in the study of the *belles lettres*, and wrote several pieces in prose and verse, which showed considerable talent.

The moment for Angela to quit the school at length arrived; and this event was beheld, by her master and companions, with sorrow and regret. The mildness of character, the genuine kindness, and various merits of the young person, had so won

upon the hearts of those who knew her, that the day she took her departure might be accounted one of general mourning.

The period of leaving school and entering the world, is one of extreme danger to youth ; and parents can never be too careful in directing the minds of their children towards the paths of virtue and honour. The sudden transition from a life of irksome restraint, to one of considerable ease and liberty, is not effected without producing a sort of relaxation, also, in the pursuit of study, and sometimes a departure from the strictness of principle. A thousand wiles and follies assail the youthful heart ; vanity, and its attendant evils—a desire of novelty at the expense of judgment—a taste for luxury—an undue preference for pleasure above more solid pursuits—and other wishes, attack the mind, and render it unfit for useful occupation.

Madame de la Moriniere was aware of these truths, and knew that the best method to provide against the dangers which threaten young persons at this period, is to keep them constantly engaged in laudable pursuits. She, therefore, without loading her young daughter with unreasonable occupation, gave her enough to employ the mind without intermission. The best masters in the various departments of polite instruction were called in to second the views of the good mother ; and her expectations were answered by the most satisfactory results. Those who visited Monsieur de la Moriniere, struck with admiration at the accomplishments and excellent temper of Angela, were loud in their praises, and pointed her out continually as a model to their own children. The extensive knowledge which the young girl possessed in history and mythology, particularly excited the surprise of all who had an opportunity of questioning her on those subjects.

Any sign or symbol, however imperfect or defaced by time, was sufficient to enable her to explain the subject of a piece of sculpture or painting.

Angela, both from the progress she had made in her studies, and from the number of good qualities which adorned her character, gave promise of becoming, one day, of much use to her sex, and an ornament to society. Her excellent feminine attributes, the great prudence which characterized her, and numerous other excellencies, pointed her out as well calculated for the task of education. It is probable that, from many concurring circumstances, she would have adopted this course of life; but, unfortunately, her career was doomed to be short, and the blossoms were destined to perish before they had yielded their promised fruit. Angela began rapidly to decline in health, until the approach of her end was judged inevitable. The origin of the malady which hurried her to an early grave, is ascribed to the following cause:—

The eldest brother of Angela had a friend who had promised to call on him, in order to go out together, as it was vacation time. The youth appeared, mounted on a very spirited horse, and his friend ran to meet him; when the horse, startled at the motion, began to curvet, and, by violent action, threw Angela's brother on the ground. She was a witness of the scene; and, conceiving that her brother's death was certain, she uttered a loud scream of horror, and sank senseless to the earth. Aid was immediately given; and, after a long lapse, she recovered from her painful trance, but the impression which the dreadful sight had made on her heart was so deep, as to cause a revolution in her frame. No hurt resulted to her brother, yet she could never recover from the effects of the fright. Her health was obviously on the

decline; and, though she was not obliged to keep her bed, it was evident that she had not many years to live.

Madame de la Morinière was much affected at the state in which she perceived her beloved daughter. Every day she beheld the progress which the malady made; and her maternal heart bled at the prospect of the loss she was soon to sustain. Every means in the power of medicine was resorted to, but without avail. The lovely Angela was perfectly resigned to her fate; and if she evinced any symptoms of sorrow, they arose from the dejection into which she saw her mother plunged. With truly heroic courage and Christian serenity, the amiable girl was constantly endeavouring to comfort her disconsolate parents. She was reduced to a state of extreme weakness; but, far from repining at her sufferings, she summoned strength to endure them with patience; and contemplated, even with calmness, the prospect of an early grave. Every hope of preserving the life of Angela was now abandoned; and the physicians were much perplexed how to convey the painful intelligence to Madame de la Morinière. The intense affection of the mother for her child made them apprehend melancholy results from the communication of such calamitous news; and every one was, accordingly, averse from taking the disagreeable task upon himself.

In this perplexity, the amiable Angela herself resolved to acquaint her mother with the melancholy tidings. She caused her tender parent to be called to her bedside in the middle of the night, and, collecting the remaining strength of her debilitated frame, she prepared for a most afflicting scene. She took the hand of her mother tenderly, and placed it upon her heart, which was giving its last pulsations in a weak and irregular manner. She fixed her

sweet, though mournful eyes, on those of her mother, and remained in profound silence for some moments; after which she said, in a cheering tone of voice, "Take courage, my dear mother: it is the will of God that I should depart from this life to a better; I will pray that you may remain here for the good of papa and my brothers." She then seemed to fall asleep, but it was the feverish repose of exhausted nature, and, after a quarter of an hour, she again awoke. "Mamma," she then added, in a feeble tone, "keep my papers; perhaps they may some day, be useful to children." The dark hour of death was now evidently close at hand for the poor girl. She heaved a deep sigh, made an effort to press her mother's hand to her lips already chilled by death—her eyes gently closed—and the amiable Angela was no more.

It would be needless to dwell here on the desolation of her parents, or on the regret her loss occasioned amongst all who had the satisfaction to know her. The funeral attentions paid to her mortal remains, and the demonstrations of mourning on the occasion, proved the estimation in which she was held. Angela was only fifteen years of age when she was taken from a world which she was born to embellish. In so short a life she had acquired that knowledge, and cultivated those virtues, which would have rendered her justly celebrated, had her life been prolonged; but, though a wise Providence decreed to take her to the celestial mansions before she had run the career which was fondly anticipated for her, enough remains of the memory of Angela to serve as an example to the young of her sex, and to stimulate them to imitate her in her virtues and her worth.

Angela left a number of papers, consisting of extracts from history with appropriate remarks, letters,

and other detached compositions. All these little performances show the amiable turn of her character, and the soundness of her understanding, as well as the proficiency she had made in her studies. We will transcribe one of her letters, addressed to a cousin, on the nature of the reading suitable for a young female.

"Our tastes, my dear cousin, are very different. From your last two letters, I find that you derive your chief delight from the perusal of tales and novels. With regard to myself, I do not like that kind of reading, because it consumes much time on such books as entice the mind from more instructive subjects. The principal motives which I have for reading, are the desire of adorning my mind, and that of forming my judgment, and arriving at the knowledge of good and useful things.

"This, then, is the manner in which I employ my time. I cultivate various sciences, and engage in some agreeable pursuit: I apply myself to the composition of little works relating to our sex, and which may some day procure me an honourable subsistence, should I be reduced to that necessity; for you know full well, my dear cousin, that my destiny in life is very much changed since the misfortunes of my parents.

"Among the books which I read, I class, in the first place, those which teach us our origin, and our duties with regard to God and to mankind. Then, in order to take some relaxation from more serious reading, I choose those books which unite amusement with instruction, such as works on history, and travels, the wonders of nature, and the biography of illustrious men of all ages.

"But I do not limit my task to merely skimming over these different works. In order that something may remain fixed in my mind, I make notes and ex

tracts of all that seems to me peculiarly curious and interesting. You will allow, my dear cousin, that all these things are profitable, and that one can cite them with advantage, because they are true; but all those adventures contained in romances, all those tales, however ingenious we may suppose them, are far from possessing the same interest, because every thing that is fictitious and vain, in the end becomes tedious and insipid."

Though this letter has certainly few claims to originality, either in matter or expression, yet, as it was written at a very early age, and illustrates the bent of the youthful writer's mind, we have thought it worthy of insertion in a work expressly intended for young persons.



MOZART.

Born 1756.—Died 1791.



Of the well-attested cases of precocious genius, (and few *are* well attested,) the most extraordinary instances are certainly to be found among musicians. Painters have occasionally exhibited very early talents, and the case of our countryman, Sir Thomas Lawrence, is, probably, the most beautiful and perfect specimen of the kind upon record, but the generality of the great painters have developed their talents not more prematurely than the rest of man-

kind, gifted with genius; whilst the instances of intellect almost miraculously precocious among musical composers, bear a very large proportion to the number of men eminent in that science.

The learned and ingenious Daines Barrington, in a letter to Dr. Matty, the secretary of the Royal Society, relates what he witnessed of the infantile talents of several great musicians. The most striking of these instances was that of Mozart; but we waive it for the present, that we may afterwards revert to it with more advantage to the subject.

Handel began to play on the clavecin at seven years of age. He composed church music at nine, and produced his opera of *Almeria* when he did not exceed fourteen.

Haydn attracted attention by his accurate beating of time, when he was a child of less than six years of age; and, at eight, he would voluntarily study music for even sixteen hours in the four-and-twenty.

But Daines Barrington relates, that Mr. Charles Wesley, at two years and nine months old, used to play by ear on the harpsichord whatever tunes he heard his mother sing, and, if she attempted to quiet him, by playing on the instrument, he would seize her hand, and prevent her playing with only one—compelling her to leave off, or to play with both.

His brother, Mr. Samuel Wesley, would play on the harpsichord the different tunes he heard, when he was only three years of age. As soon as he had learned his notes, he used, as if by intuition, to put a bass to the treble of ordinary tunes; and Dr. Boyce, after praising his childish melodies, says, "this boy writes by nature as true a bass as I can by rule or study." At seven, he could imitate the styles of the different great masters; and, at eight, he not only played the most difficult music, but composed his oratorio of *Ruth*. At nine he could transpose even

a fourth key, and add extemporary basses, and a second treble.

Dr. Crotch, the son of a carpenter, when only two years old, would touch the key note of any favourite tune upon the organ, in order to induce his father to repeat it; and, if this did not succeed, he would play the first two or three bars, supposing that the key note had not sufficiently explained his meaning. At two years and three weeks old, he taught himself to play both the treble and bass of "God save the king," and of "Hope, thou nurse of young desire." Pierro Winter, at twelve years of age, was conductor of the band to the Elector of Bavaria.

But the promise of transcendent genius which extreme precocity seems to hold out, has not always been realized, when the mind has arrived at its maturity. Yet the perfect union of almost preternatural forwardness of genius in infancy, and of unrivalled powers to the close of life, was witnessed in the subject of the present memoir.

M. Schlicteggroll relates, that Leopold Mozart, the father of the great musician, was the son of a book-binder at Augsburg. Leopold followed the profession of music, and became sub-director of the Prince's chapel at Salzburg, and published a work of instructions upon teaching the violin. He married Anna Maria Pertl; and we may notice the frequent mention made of the extreme beauty of both the wife and husband, though very little of it seems to have descended to their offspring.

The result of this union was seven children, all of whom died young, except the subject of this account, and a sister named Mary Ann, four years older than her brother.

John Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg, on the 27th of

January, 1756. He was what is termed a puny child, and although extremely vivacious and cheerful, he exhibited unequivocal marks of an irritable temperament, or nervous system.

His father was sufficiently affluent to give up an extensive business of private teaching, with a view of devoting himself to the instruction of his children, both of whom he designed for the musical profession. The daughter, however, who exhibited strong musical talents, was relieved from exerting them for her support, by marrying a gentleman of high employment in the service of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg. It appears that the mother was possessed of some literary pretensions, and she drew up an interesting memoir of her distinguished son.

Mary Ann Mozart was in her seventh year when her father began to teach her the harpsichord. But these instructions soon became but a secondary object with the anxious parent. He was at first moved by a sort of pleasant ridicule at the strange and laughable pertinacity with which his son, then in his third year, would seat himself near the instrument, and listen with a droll intensity during the whole of the lesson, however long it might continue.

But the father's delighted laugh at the action of the child's arms and legs, and at its altered gestures, as the lessons proceeded, was one day changed to absolute astonishment, when he found him intuitively seeking for *thirds* on the piano, and rolling his body about with joy when he succeeded in finding the chord, or uttering his little anger when he failed in the harmony. Long before this, when he was a child in the arms, his parents would amuse themselves by the mirth or ludicrous gravity of the infant, as they sang to him merry or plaintive airs,

and, at his petulance or restiveness, when they sang discords or out of tune.*

Struck by such phenomena, the father commenced an anxious cultivation of the child's talents, and, at the age of four, he gave him daily lessons on the harpsichord.

His first lessons consisted principally of short minutes, which the child would learn in about half an hour; and longer pieces he used to master in a proportionate time.

At five years old, it became difficult to fix his attention to any instructions, for his propensity was irresistible to extemporaneous playing; and many of these juvenile, or even infantile, compositions, were noted down by his parent. The harmonies were seldom erroneous.

The child was now talked of as a prodigy. The Archbishop of Salzburg, and, subsequently, the Elector of Bavaria, treated what was told of him as extravagant fictions—the mere offspring of the vulgar love of the marvellous—or as the artful contrivances of the parents to procure pecuniary advantages by exhibiting their son. The child, however, was made to play before the prince archbishop, and before the elector. The performance must have been deemed extraordinary, for it led to an official identification of the precise period of his birth: this was when he was five years old.

In every other respect, as well as in music, the infancy of this extraordinary person was full of the proofs of genius. His feelings were always in-

* Among the many instances of the exquisite organization of the child's ear, was the tremor which harsh, rough sounds produced upon him. His horror of the trumpet was almost inconceivable, and when his father blew that instrument strongly, to convince the child that "there was no danger in it," a fit of convulsions was the consequence. He was ten years old before he could bear to hear the trumpet sounded. Even at five, the excessive delicacy of his ear was proved, in his detecting the alteration of a violin, in his absence, by only one-eighth of a note.

tense; yet he was mild, docile, and affectionate in the extreme, and, with an acuteness of sensibility, he would strive to endear himself to those about him, often asking earnestly, "Do you love me? Are you sure you love me well?" When he commenced his study of music, he pursued it with a sort of childish enthusiasm. The ordinary sports of his age were laid aside, or made subservient to this ruling passion. He used to form processions, in which each of his companions was the bearer of some toy or object of amusement, and the whole line was then made to march to tunes which he would sing, or get somebody to play for him on the violin. Presently, music was entirely abandoned, and reading, writing, and arithmetic, were studied with the utmost ardour; and his father found it impossible to prevent his scribbling and writing his sums upon the furniture, walls, and on every thing that came in his way. Shortly afterwards, these studies were, at a moment, laid aside, and music again resorted to with the greatest eagerness.

One day, his father returning home from church with a friend, found the child in the music-room, intensely absorbed in efforts to write with pen and ink. "What are you doing, my little dear?" asked the father. "Oh, papa, I am *composing* a concerto for the harpsichord; don't interrupt me, for I have just got to the end of the first part." "Let me see it, child;—what a fine scrawl!"—"No, don't look at it yet, papa, for I have not finished this movement." The father, however, took the paper, and both he and his friend burst out a laughing. The child, ignorant of writing, had always dipped the pen to the very bottom of the ink-stand, and the consequent repeated blots he had wiped with his hand and cuffs, whilst the musical notes were written upon the smeared as well as the

clean parts of the paper. Examining into it further, the parent's eyes began to glisten with tears of joy; and, showing it to his friend, he said, "See, how regular and accurate this is: it is composed strictly according to rules; but it could be of little use, from the extreme difficulty of playing it."—"Dear papa," cried the ardent child, "it is a concerto, and must be studied, to be played properly—you shall hear the style in which it ought to be executed." Saying this, he sat down to the instrument, and so far succeeding as to give his father and his friend a perception of the subject and musical idea he wished to convey. The notes were afterwards accurately placed; but the piece was addressed to the ear and mind, without relation to the hand; for there were passages which would have baffled the most skilful player.

But a source of still stronger and more delightful astonishment awaited the joyful parent. The father had taught the child only the harpsichord; and his surprise may be easily conceived when, in a musical party of friends one evening, a second violin was wanted, and the young Mozart offered to play the instrument. The part was sufficiently intricate, and as the child was entirely self-taught on the violin, his facility of getting through the piece, and his style of accompaniment, excited the incredulity of the persons present, who could not believe but that the child must have received long and ample instructions on so difficult an instrument.

Another paradox of singularity presented itself. It was evident that, although the child had executed the second part of the concerto, he had no idea how to perform the first. He became animated with the praise so lavishly bestowed upon him, and left the room. A day or two afterwards, several of the same party being again at his father's, the

child burst into the room, and, full of infantile joyousness, professed himself able to play the first violin part of the concerto. The trial was made, and, notwithstanding its difficulties, he went through it with perfect accuracy. He had taught it to himself in the meantime.

The great genius of the child no longer admitted of dispute; and, in 1762, his father took him, accompanied by his mother and sister, to Munich. The boy and girl performed duets before the court; and, on their return home, the high praises bestowed upon the boy by the elector, and by the eminent professors and amateurs at that capital, induced the party to leave Salzburgh once more, and to make an excursion to Vienna. They had the further view of visiting the other capitals of Europe, should his fame be stamped by the approbation of this great emporium of musical science.

In the meanwhile, we are told that young Mozart had acquired the most brilliant execution on the harpsichord, as well as on the violin.

In the autumn of 1762, the party left their native city for the second time, and repaired to Vienna. That capital was then at the height of its fame as the centre of musical skill, and the utmost jealousy existed against it throughout Italy. Metastasio and Haydn, however, maintained their pre-eminence; but the ridicule of the new, or German school, by the Italians, obliged the former to be exceedingly cautious in not patronising or adopting any thing that was not thoroughly pure, classical, and of decided talent.

Even the young Mozart had to undergo a fastidious and superfluous scrutiny; but the more severe his examination, the more decided was his triumph; until at length the child was taken to the emperor, as an almost miraculous prodigy. Many anecdotes

are recorded respecting his performances. It was remarked that, even at this age, he appeared totally indifferent to every thing that could flatter vanity or worldly pride, and that he seemed gratified solely by the commendation of those who were really judges of the art. He always evinced a very significant indifference towards amateurs, whose rank or wealth had unjustly procured them the reputation of musical taste or knowledge.

His father was often obliged to make men of rank pass off for eminent professional persons, in order to excite in the child those brilliant faculties which he would display before men of talents, and to rouse him from the wayward indifference he was accustomed to feel, when playing before mere persons of fashion. On one occasion, the emperor, Francis I., who was fascinated with the child, was bestowing on him high praises; upon which he turned round, and asked with a simple sincerity, "Yes, yes; but is Mr. Wagenseil here! Send for him, for he will understand me." The emperor good-temperedly sent for the composer, and gave up his place to him at the piano, when Mozart, with great animation, said, "Mr. Wagenseil, I am going to play one of your concertos; you must turn over the leaves for me;"—which this eminent man did, expressing his unfeigned astonishment at the performance. It was on this occasion that the emperor gave the child the nickname of "the little Sorcerer."

On another occasion, as soon as young Mozart had got through some passages on the piano that had been set him as a puzzle, the emperor jocosely said to him, "It is not very difficult to play with all one's fingers; but to play with only one, and without seeing the keys, would be very clever." The child immediately had the keys covered, and with one finger played a tune;—the origin, probably, of

the one-fingered waltzes that have since been set as musical jokes.

On his return to Salzburg, Wenzel came to his father's house, to take his opinion of six trios for the violin, which he had finished during his absence with his son at Vienna. To the astonishment of every body present, little Mozart played the second violin parts of all the trios at sight; and even with some success played several of the first parts.

Of all eminent composers and great practical musicians, Mozart may strictly be said to have received the least instruction. Whilst Haydn was practising sixteen or eighteen hours a day, and other great musicians were almost of equal industry, the young Mozart was made to lead a sort of migratory life and to expend his time in travelling, and in being publicly exhibited to gratify the vanity and sordid views of his father.

He was taken a second time to Munich, and to Vienna; and in July, 1763, when he was exactly seven years and a half old, his father set out from Salzburg, with the intention of exhibiting his infant prodigy in the principal capitals of Europe.

At Munich we find it recorded that he surpassed his former exhibitions, by playing before the electoral court an elaborate concert on the violin, and several extemporary preludes on the piano.

We next find the most laudatory scrutinies of his labours recorded in the musical annals of Augsburg, Manheim, Francfort, Coblentz, and Brussels. At these cities his performances appear to have consisted chiefly of duets with his sister; but the patronage he received from the aristocracy could be equalled only by the extravagant praise he obtained from men of science.

At length they arrived at Paris. The juvenile Orpheus exhibited his powers on the organ before

Louis XV., and his very numerous court at Versailles; after which, he gave two public concerts in the capital. This was in November 1763; and next year we find him publishing two sets of sonatas, in the title-pages of which he is termed "*Compositeur et Maître de Musique.*" The first set was dedicated, with permission, to the second daughter of the king, the Princess Victoire: and the other to the Countess de Tesse.

Not even the flattering and very profitable kindness of the French nobility could induce the father to continue in Paris; and he arrived in London in April, 1764.

A private meeting of eminent persons was held, at which the young prodigy was to undergo a very severe scrutiny. A leading amateur of that day, writing an account of this extraordinary scene, says, "I carried to him a MS. composition, a score of five parts, for a first and second violin, two vocal performers, and a bass; the vocal parts in the counter-tenor clef. He played the symphonies, and took the upper part of the score, leaving the under to his father. His voice is thin and infantile; but he sang his own part well; and threw in the accompaniments of the violin." The writer proceeds to say, that the child, for he was then only eight years and three months old, played an extemporary scena, accompanying it with his voice, and illustrating the passions of love, rage, and jealousy, giving each passion great effect. After this he performed a very difficult lesson; and, upon a treble being produced, he immediately put to it a bass. "He is a great master of modulation," says this writer, "and his transitions are judicious and natural."

In London he gave two public concerts, with original symphonies by himself to every piece that

was played. On one occasion the king, George III., had a very full bass put before him, and the child immediately put a very beautiful melody to it.

He was often tried by the most complex pieces, particularly of Bach and Handel, and he always played them at first sight. The king and queen were delighted both with his appearance and his talents; and her majesty, on one occasion, made her music-master, C. Bach, take the child between his knees, when they played alternate bars throughout a whole sonata, the child's performance exciting astonishment by its strength, precision, and feeling.

He remained in London rather less than fifteen months, and composed six sonatas, which were dedicated to the queen. His performances on the organ seem to have been preferred by our countrymen to those either on the violin or harpsichord.

Mozart left London in July, 1765. His reception had been most flattering.

He travelled through Calais and the principal towns of the Netherlands; but, arriving at the Hague, both he and his sister were seized by a dangerous illness. Mozart, however, solaced the tedium of his convalescence by writing six sonatas for the piano. Having repaired to Amsterdam to perform before the Stadtholder, he returned to the Hague, where he composed several airs for the princesses, and a *quod libet* for the whole orchestra, at the installation of the Prince of Orange. It was during this residence of less than a year in Holland and the Netherlands, that he principally studied composition, taking Handel, Haase, and Emmanuel Bach, for his models.

Returning to Paris for two months, the party travelled through the south of France, Switzerland, and Bavaria, and arrived at Salzburg in the end of No-

vember, 1766. The elector at Munich examined the progress he had made in his three years' excursions. He gave him a theme, which Mozart explored with rapidity, and without the aid of any instrument; playing it afterwards to the delight and astonishment of the numerous party assembled on the occasion.

Francis I. was now dead, but his successor on the throne of Austria, Joseph II., the philosophic king, as he was called, sent for young Mozart from Salzburg in the beginning of 1768. He was then exactly twelve years of age.

This may be esteemed a new era in the life of Mozart, for his compositions were now specifically of a different character. During the fifteen months he continued at Vienna, he composed his opera buffa, *La Finta Semplice*, and a mass, a motet, and a trumpet duet, for the consecration of the Church of the Orphans, at the musical ceremony of which he presided, in the presence of the court. Metastasio and Hasse spoke highly of *La Finta Semplice*; but it was never performed.

In 1769 he was received in triumph at his native city, and was appointed director of the archbishop's concerts.

In December, 1769, he went to Italy, and travelled through the principal cities for fifteen months. At Milan, by request of the governor, Count Firmian, he composed the music for the carnival of 1771; and between the end of October and 26th December, 1770, he wrote his opera of *Mithridate*, which had a run of twenty successive nights. He was just fourteen years and eleven months old, on the night this opera was brought out, and it led to his being engaged to write his grand opera, *Lucio Silla*, for the carnival of 1773.*

* So admired was this production, that it had a run of twenty-six successive nights.

At Bologna, Mozart astonished Martini by his youth and diminutive size, and his extemporaneous working out upon the piano, of every species of theme that could be given to him. He was unanimously elected master of the Philharmonic Academy.

At Florence, the Marquis Ligneville, the musical patron of the day, was enraptured at the young Mozart's off-hand scores, his development of subjects, and his extempore playing on the organ, violin, and the piano.

As he passed through Verona, a deputation presented to him the diploma of member of the Philharmonic Society of that city; and at Rome the pope conferred upon him the Golden Spurs, and the Cross and Brevet of a Knight of the Golden Order—*Aurata Militiæ Eques*. Here the most extraordinary exercise of his faculties was exhibited. In the Sixtine Chapel, every Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, Corregio's *Miserere* is sung by the choir of thirty-two voices, without any accompaniment whatever. The sensation of terror is excited in the highest degree by the manner in which the pale or reddened lights of the tapers are severally thrown upon Michael Angelo's sublime painting of the Last Judgment, behind the altar, and by the mode of singing the *Miserere*, according to the incidents of the sacred drama. The people of Rome make the greatest mystery of this vocal mass, and pretend that the mode of singing cannot be conveyed by notes; and the punishment of excommunication would be inflicted upon any body who should give a copy of any part of the music. The secret had certainly been kept with the success even of that of freemasonry. Mozart, however, repaired to the chapel on Ash Wednesday, heard the service, carried it away in his memory, and, committing it to paper, and

bringing it in his hat to the chapel on the Good Friday, found the whole to be correct, except in a few passages, which he easily verified. It would be impossible to convey any idea of this little less than miraculous exertion of memory, and of every mental faculty connected with music, except to those who are acquainted with the *Miserere*.

Superstition is not confined to the vulgar, and this feat of Mozart's was attributed to magic. When he was playing the piano, at the *Conservatorio alla Pietà*, at Naples, the audience, electrified by a succession of brilliant passages, attributed their astonishing effect to his ring, which they made him take off. Fanaticism can neither be satisfied nor convinced; and although the performance continued equally fine, still its surprising success was attributed to the ring, or to *some other charm which he had* about him.

Mozart had now attained the height of reputation. He had gone through the ordeal of Italian prejudices, pride, jealousies, and fastidiousness, as well as that of really refined taste and science; and the whole of Italy had resounded with his praise.

In March 1771, he again returned to his native city, loaded with honours, but with the same mild, docile, unassuming disposition with which he had left it. He found awaiting him an order from Maria Theresa to compose a cantata, on the subject of Ascanius in Alba, for Hasse's opera, in celebration of the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand.

From 1771 to 1775, Mozart made many journeys from Salzburg to different capitals of Germany and Italy; for his professional invitations were frequent, and the solicitations for his company from princes were numerous and earnest, reflecting even more honour upon those who gave them than upon the receiver.

In 1772, a new archbishop of his native town was elected, and Mozart honoured his inauguration by the cantata of *Il sogno di Scipione*; and when the Archduke Maximilian visited the archbishop, in 1775, Mozart composed his cantata, *Il Re Pastore*, in honour of the noble guest. Between 1772 and 1775, he produced his opera buffa, *La Finta Giardiniera*, two masses for the elector of Bavaria, and several other pieces.

Mozart had an unconquerable aversion to the vocal and instrumental music of the French; but his mild and irresolute nature yielded to his father's persuasions to settle in Paris, to which city he was accompanied by his mother, in 1777. His mother lost her life in that capital in the succeeding year, and no persuasion could induce the melancholy and affectionate Mozart to continue there.

We find him again at Salzburg, in the beginning of 1779; and, in November 1780, he repaired to Vienna, which city he determined never to leave, preferring it, he said, to every other place he had visited, even London itself not excepted.

He was twenty-four years and ten months old when he took up his permanent residence in the German capital, then containing Haydn and a host of musical genius. Most of his operas and great works were composed at Vienna.

A very singular coincidence of circumstances now changed the fate of this amiable and extraordinary man. His great admirer, the Elector of Bavaria, who possessed, perhaps, the finest band of musicians in Europe, had obtained Mozart's promise to compose for him an opera (*Idomeneus*) for the carnival of 1779.

Nothing, however, could stimulate Mozart to commence the performance. In fact, he had fallen deeply in love. A performer of the name of Webe

a lady every way worthy of his affections, as subsequent events proved, had absorbed his thoughts night and day; until at length being accepted by her, he made proposals for her to her parents—and was rejected.

Although Mozart had been entertained, caressed and extolled by the principal kings and nobility of Europe, he was still poor even to destitution—from absolutely vicious or extravagant habits he was free, but he was equally unused to habits of business; and the world considered his wonderful productions as the casual efforts of an uncertain genius, rather than the results of talent regulated, and to be depended upon, as a means of supporting a family. Stung to the quick at his rejection by the relations of Miss Weber, Mozart remarked, that he would soon let them see, that he could command his talents when he pleased, and that he could make them subservient to objects of gain. He accordingly applied himself to his studies, and rapidly produced the beautiful opera of *Idomeneus* for the Elector of Bavaria.

This elaborate and splendid work was received with the greatest applause at Munich, Vienna, and Prague. It abounds in tenderness and in varied passion, which Mozart attributed to the conflicts of his feelings whilst writing it. He always thought it his best work, and it is not difficult to trace his very best melodies and harmonies to musical ideas contained in this opera. It is singular that this opera was never performed in London.

The Emperor Joseph directly engaged Mozart to compose a German opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. This was brought out in 1782, and Mozart was married. He next wrote the *Marriage of Figaro*, in 1786, at the request of the emperor, and this was followed, in 1787, by his *Don Giovanni*, written

by desire of the managers of the Opera at Prague.

To these succeeded the Italian opera (comic) of *Così Fan Tutti*, and *La Clemenza di Tito*, brought out in 1792; and the German operas, *Der Schauspiel-director*, and *Die Zauberflöte*, played the same year as the *Clemenza di Tito*. This last opera was composed for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold.

To the lovers of character, and of peculiar individuality of disposition, nothing can be more curious than the private life of Mozart. He was the child of impulses. He composed by fits and starts, and often under the delusion of approaching evils which made him write until he fainted with exhaustion; whilst, at other times, no excitement could rouse him from his indolent or melancholy abstractions. His habit, as far as he could fix a habit, was to rise at six and compose until ten, and to give up the remainder of the day to casual intruders, or to whatever whims might seize him. But in the evening, some feeling or accident would lead him to an instrument, and he would amuse himself by modulating, by developing subjects, or playing beautiful melodies, until the night was too far advanced to admit of his rising early the next morning. His execution upon the piano was remarkably brilliant, and that of his left hand exceeded in rapidity and strength any thing upon record. His hands, however, appeared clumsy, and he was far from neat or dexterous in the use of them, except upon musical instruments—although he was, also, a fine player at billiards.

His favourite pieces were *Idomeneus* and *Don Giovanni*. His rapidity in composing many parts, and particularly the overture of *Don Giovanni*, is almost incredible. He had trifled away his time until eleven at night, when he desired his wife to make him some punch, and begged her to tell him

some "fairy tales" or "odd stories" to keep him awake. Mozart, however, fell into a sound sleep, and, waking at five in the morning, flew in despair to his desk. He wrote with enthusiastic rapidity; and, at seven, when the copiers for the orchestra called on him, according to his appointment, the overture was finished. On that night the opera was brought out, and the overture was played without a rehearsal.

But these facts became known, and occasioned many severe criticisms upon the composition. Haydn, being present on one of these occasions, reproved the ill-tempered critics by observing, "Gentlemen, I do not feel myself a competent judge of this dispute; but all I know is, that Mozart is the greatest composer in existence." The detractors were abashed and silenced.

Musicians seem to have less of professional jealousy towards each other than painters. On another occasion, Haydn met Leopold Mozart, when his son was only twenty-one years of age, and addressed him, before every body, with "Sir, I declare to Heaven, and upon my honour, that I regard your son as the greatest composer I ever heard." When a painter complimented Cimarosa, by saying he was equal to Mozart, Cimarosa sternly replied, "What would you think, Sir, of the good sense or sincerity of the man who should tell you that you equalled Raphael?" Haydn's application was intense, and he in good health and easy circumstances, to the advanced age of seventy-eight. Mozart had studied so little, that it was said of him that "he was ignorant of all music but his own;" his youth had been spent in travelling, his middle age amidst the infirmities of ill health and the distractions of poverty, and he died at thirty-six. Yet Haydn's great friend and admirer, the

Baron Van Swieten, acknowledged that "Mozart would have excelled Haydn had he lived." But when Haydn and Mozart received a joint proposal at the same time from Prague, to repair thither and conduct the great musical celebration of Leopold's coronation, Haydn gave place to Mozart, simply replying, "Where Mozart is Haydn dares not come." On one occasion Mozart was performing a new piece of Haydn's, when an eminent composer, fastidious and malicious, said of a passage, "There, neither you nor I would have written such a passage." "No," replied Mozart, "for the best of all reasons; we are unequal to it." Of Jomelli and Martini, Mozart had but a poor opinion; but it was not his habit to detract from the reputation of any contemporary authors. He purposely sought the acquaintance of Gluck, and was fond of declaring, how much he had profited by his conversation and by his performances and compositions. He took a remarkable opportunity of benefiting Haydn's brother, by allowing him to claim one of his compositions.

Mozart was of diminutive stature. His frame was slight and thin; and his face long, slender, and pale, with a large, high, capacious forehead; the whole strongly marked and approaching to what might vulgarly be termed an unnatural countenance. When in repose, his expression of countenance was that of a pathetic exhaustion; but, if roused to partake in the scenes around him, the strong, rapid, and incessant changes of his face, indicated the extreme acuteness with which he felt all he heard or witnessed. His body was always under some nervous irritation; and his legs were in constant motion; he would be incessantly shifting his position and tapping the object nearest to him with his fingers. If roused from his abstractions, and mad-

to move about, by his wife or friends, who were solicitous for his recreation and amusement, he would, as Addison terms it, "think aloud," and, speaking audibly to himself whatever was passing in his mind, would move amidst the company, almost unconscious of their presence. An admiration of his genius, and of his excellent heart, checked any disposition to ridicule.

To his family and friends he was always mild, indulgent, and liberal. In money affairs, and in the economy of domestic arrangements, or in transactions of business, he was simple as a child. The excellent conduct of his wife entitled her to the delicate attentions and affectionate confidence which she ever received from him.

During her dangerous illness, the anxiety of Mozart for her sufferings was so intense as to alarm his friends for his safety. When she became convalescent, and even restored to health, he used to answer all inquiries about her on tip-toe, and in a soft whisper, with his finger on his lips; so difficult was it for him to recover from his nervous irritation and painful reminiscences. Subsequently, when his wife was again an invalid, this amiable man, every morning when he went out to ride, used to creep into her chamber without disturbing her, and lay such notes as the following upon her pillow: "Good morning, my love, I hope you have slept well, and that nothing has disturbed you. Be careful not to take cold, or to hurt yourself in stooping; do not vex yourself with the servants. Avoid every thing unpleasant to you, till I return: take good care of yourself. I shall be back by nine." Every day he would bring her home some little present to gratify her appetite, or to sooth her feelings. These endearing attentions were reciprocal. Mozart was fond of his two children. They were both sons,

but they inherited not their father's genius, and they were left objects of public benevolence, which, however, was liberally extended to them.

In pecuniary affairs, Mozart was disinterested and generous, to a degree that made him the dupe of the mercenary and artful. It has been observed that his Pianoforte Lessons are not, in general, worthy of his high reputation. In fact, they were the offspring of his easy good nature. He never took money for them, but wrote them as presents for friends, and adapted them to the capacities of those who were to play them, or to the views of those who wished to turn them to their advantage.

This kind and amiable man was continually devoting his time and interests to others. It was his habit to bring men of talents together, and to introduce and recommend obscure and distressed persons of genius to liberal and affluent patrons. But from the titled and wealthy Mozart reaped no advantage on his own account. He was too candid and independent—too much guided by his momentary sensations—too disinterested about providing for the future, though keenly sensitive to his prospects of indigence—to derive wealth or distinction from his connexion with the great.

When the Emperor Joseph had imbibed the prejudices of his Italian musicians against the German school, he observed to Mozart, on his new opera, the *Entführung aus dem Serail*, that “it was too fine for his ear, and had too many notes.” “It has just as many as it ought to have,” was the imprudent, though honest reply of this simple-hearted man. On another occasion, Mozart raised a hornet's nest about him, by complaining to the emperor that the Italian orchestra was murdering his new opera of *Figaro*. This was the fact; and the emperor compelled the jealous musicians to alter their style of performance,

under the pain of an immediate imprisonment. The remainder of the opera was executed admirably; but the Italians never lost sight of their revenge. Afterwards the emperor was informed that, in a composition for the court, Mozart had not written his part for himself, though the time of performance was drawing near. He broke in upon the author, as he was employed upon his scores, and, looking over them, said, "Yes, yes, these are all right; but where is your part, Mozart?" "Here," said Mozart, touching his head emphatically with his finger. In fact, Mozart's accompaniment was extemporary. On another occasion, when the emperor sent him an imperial hint, that "he was not in good play"—"Pooh, pooh, his majesty is not in good temper," was the too honest reply. Such a man could not prosper in the atmosphere of a despotic court.

He was equally careless of offending the malignancy and petty jealousy of his own class. Mozart dedicated some quartets to Haydn; and a person extolling the composition, in order to compliment Mozart at the expense of Haydn, "Sir," replied the former, "if you and I were melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn."

Notwithstanding the illiberal and even unjust treatment Mozart experienced from the Emperor Joseph—when he visited Berlin, and received from Frederick the Great the munificent offer of a salary of three thousand crowns a-year—he rejected the tempting proposal, replying with much simplicity, "What! shall I desert my good Emperor? Being pressed to accept the offer, he replied, "I am fond of Vienna, the emperor treats me kindly, and I care little about money."

It was not until pecuniary distress made him propose a speculative journey to London, that the Em-

peror Joseph, influenced by a selfish fear of losing the ornament of his court, and the source of his private amusements, proposed to relieve his miseries by an annual salary. With an unparalleled injustice he consulted one of Mozart's enemies upon the amount, which he fixed at the wretched sum of eight hundred florins, or about one hundred pounds sterling per annum. Long after, when a sort of finance commission called upon *employes* and stipendiaries to make a return of all sums they received from the government, Mozart wrote opposite this paltry amount, "Too much for what I have done, and too little for what I could have done." The emperor expressed his displeasure at the observation, but made no increase in the allowance.

But "they help to honour, whom they help to starve;" and Mozart's natal day is now celebrated throughout Germany, while that of his imperial patron is forgotten or disregarded. In the church of the Holy Cross at Breslau, two hundred and sixty musicians assembled in 1824, to celebrate the birth of Mozart, and a superb jubilee and musical festival were gotten up on the occasion.

Considering the very short period of this great man's life, Mozart composed more than any other person whatever. So rapid and luxuriant was the flow of his ideas, in all their rich variety of tender, mirthful, solemn, and sublime, that even during the four months preceding his death, though interrupted continually by morbid feelings and actual pain, he wrote six of his best and most elaborate pieces.

No composer's works embrace so many species of composition, or are so excellent in all of them. He stands unrivalled in Italian and German operas, in symphonies, in light airs for dancing, in simple ballads, and in masses and motets. He wrote four

teen Italian operas, three German operas, seventeen symphonies, seven quartets, very many quintets, sonatas, cantatas, scenas, romances, canons, waltzes, serenades, masses, motets, and his final grand *Requiem*. These include every kind of reputable composition.

His melodies are natural, simple, and yet full of energy and deep feeling. His choruses and finales are replete with fine science, and exhibit his thorough knowledge of the powers of every instrument in the orchestra. It is a fact, attested beyond dispute, that in the most extensive orchestras ever collected in Germany or France, he could not only detect every badly played note, but point out the defective player or instrument.

Mozart's themes are always natural. They evince a deep mind, and are full of original thought, without being laboured or pedantic. His address and dexterity in developing his design, are peculiarly his own. In this, again, he displays his wonderful knowledge of every part of the orchestra. So perfectly was this the effect of a great, creative genius, as distinguished from study or art, that his manuscript scores, now extant, exhibit very few erasures. They are clear, and bear evidence that they were written off-hand. He made an unprecedented use of wind instruments.

But Mozart, like all other composers of operas, often wrote under unfavourable circumstances. Subjects foreign to his nature, and contrary to the genius of the people among whom he lived, were frequently prescribed to him. In his *Figaro*, for example, he is tender, impassioned, and often gay of heart; but his music affords no idea of the frivolous gallantry of the French drama of Beaumarchais. .

In the latter part of his life he was the victim of morbid sensibilities, and of distempered, though not

unamiable peculiarities. He was oppressed with "thick o'ercoming fancies," and his fits of despondency, and his presentiments of death, were most afflicting to his family who loved him dearly.

In this lamentable state of his nervous system, he wrote his *Zauberflöte*, and *Clemenza di Tito*, with his *Requiem*, and other pieces; for, among his many morbid afflictions, the most severe was the spectre of the future destitution of his family, which haunted his imagination night and day.

There is something so peculiar in the history of his *Requiem*, that we cannot but give it to our readers. This is a funeral mass (in D minor.) It opens by the dismal notes of the *corni di bassetto* mixing with the orchestra in a stream of mournful, overwhelming pathos. The *dies iræ*, and the *tuba mirum*, are full of terror; and never were the tromboni* so effectively introduced. The *rex tremendæ majestatis*, the *recordare*, and the *lux æterna* have carried music to its climax in producing sublime sensations.

In one of Mozart's most melancholy fits, in which his wife had in vain attempted to sooth him, a carriage stopped at the door, and a tall, grave, well-dressed person, of impressive deportment, was ushered into his room.

"I have been commissioned, Sir, by a man of considerable importance, to call upon you."

"Who is he?" interrupted Mozart, much depressed.

"He does not wish to be known."

"Well, Sir, and what does he want?"

"He has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is anxious to solemnize this loss annu-

* This instrument is modern to us, but has been found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

ally, and he will give you any reward for a *requiem*. Employ all your genius and feeling for he is a judge of music, and his affliction is severe."

Mozart was deeply affected by the stranger's mournful and impressive manner, and he briefly consented to write a funereal mass.

"What time do you ask?"

"A month."

"Very well; this day month I shall return. What price do you require?"

"A hundred ducats."

The stranger silently deposited them on the table, and withdrew.

Mozart was lost in a fit of melancholy. Presently recovering himself, he ardently called for his writing materials, and set about composition with an intensity which alarmed his family. He wrote day and night; nor could his wife, by her usual entreaties or stratagems, induce him to quit the work. Several times he fainted, and on recovering from one of these attacks, he took his wife by the hand, and, looking earnestly at her, said, "This is for my funereal service: this requiem is for myself."

It was to no purpose that his family endeavoured to cheer his mind, and destroy this presentiment of his dissolution. His excessive application increased his nervous gloom; and when the return of the stranger was expected, the agitation of poor Mozart was truly distressing.

At length he came, dressed in black, pale, and his countenance as much overcast with sadness as on their first interview.

"I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word. The work interests me more than I had imagined. I must have another month."

"In that case, it is but just to increase the reward. Here are fifty ducats more."

"Sir," said Mozart with increasing astonishment, "who are you, then?"

"That is nothing to your purpose," replied the stranger. "In a month I shall return."

The stranger withdrew, and Mozart despatched a servant to trace whither he went. But the servant failed in his object; and his master became doubly distressed.

An idea now seized the unhappy man, that this stranger was a supernatural being, sent to prepare him for death. In vain was the absurdity of the supposition demonstrated to him; in vain was he urged by his affectionate wife and attached friends to quiet himself for the month, when the stranger's residence should be demanded or traced.

Fit succeeded to fit, and vision to vision. In the short and painful intervals, Mozart worked upon the Requiem. Many parts of the composition afford proofs of his disordered intellect. The Requiem, however, was finished.

At the exact expiration of the month the stranger returned—Mozart was lying a corpse! He died on the 5th of September, 1791, aged thirty-five years, seven months, and nine days. The Requiem was his funeral service.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

Born 1851.—Died 1883.



THE great and varied gifts which nature bestowed on this extraordinary individual, and which he further improved by assiduous cultivation, have obtained for him the title of *Admirable*, and consigned his name to a glorious immortality. The life of Crichton is indeed a subject of curious investigation, and one deserving the study of the philosophic mind; but, apart from the reflections which a combination of so much genius, learning, and physical advantages is calculated to call forth, the career of Crichton, even with respect to the mere interest of curiosity, will always demand a place in the biography of extraordinary persons.

From the romantic character of our hero's life, no less than the numerous and splendid merits which have been assigned to him, some writers have been led to suppose that there is much exaggeration in the accounts of this singular being. They accordingly discard, as fabulous, all those parts of his life which they deem to savour somewhat of romance, and mercilessly clip the talents and accomplishments of our hero of their glorious proportions. But this is not all. Happy, indeed, would it have been for the memory of Crichton, if, by this curtailment of merit, he had been saved from the attacks of yet more hostile aggressors. This, however, has not been the case. Certain seemingly learned persons, who consider it an evidence of strong intellect to *doubt every*

thing, have found a very fit opportunity of indulging their humour. This propensity towards doubt being, according to them, the established proof of a truly philosophic mind, it would follow, as a matter of course, that the more complete the disbelief, the greater the philosopher; and in such learned progression we may, perhaps, see the day when we shall become really so profoundly philosophical, as to *doubt* whether we actually live and breathe and have our being.

These observations refer in particular to those persons who not only turn with contempt from the idea of the merits of the Admirable Crichton, but stoutly deny that such a being ever existed. How can a *doubter* digest the wonderful things narrated of our hero? It is much easier to deny than to inquire into the nature of those things which, at the first, may astonish our weak capacities—thus have many thought with regard to Crichton. In spite of the accounts of contemporary authors, and the established admiration of two centuries, they are determined by their peculiar incredulity, to deny his right to immortality, and to present his life as a tissue of imposture. Doubting philosophers pay indeed a very poor compliment to human nature; any thing appearing at all remote from the beaten track becomes, in their eyes, impossible. Every thing bearing at all the look of romance must be a fable; and any extraordinary share of abilities, talents, and good fortune, inevitably brings forward sceptical opinions. Yet, strange to say, however dubious men may be with regard to the singular merits recorded of their fellow-creatures, they, nevertheless, are always prepared to believe any example of crime, meanness, or depravity, however monstrous or incomprehensible it may appear. This would lead to the conclusion that human nature is in itself very bad, and th-

whilst we discredit or doubt the virtues of mankind, we are only to be staunch believers with respect to its vices. We are far from subscribing to this creed, for we think it the duty of a good philosopher, who is a *Christian*, to reverse the picture; and this might be a method better calculated to improve mankind, than that constant and degrading desire to depreciate the species.

Thanks to the talent and industry of a modern writer, the existence of Crichton is not only clearly proved, but a true estimate made of his merits and adventures. We sincerely partake in his opinions, and shall follow his work as a model of our little biography.

James Crichton was born in the year 1561, and was the son of Robert Crichton, of Eliock, a gentleman who occupied the important station of Lord Advocate to Queen Mary and James the Sixth. The Crichton family was one of very high distinction, and our hero had the advantage of being connected with men of great influence in the state. Young Crichton, having obtained the rudiments of education at Edinburgh, was sent to learn philosophy and the sciences at the seminary of St. Andrew's, then one of the most renowned seats of learning. Here he received the advantages which arise from good preceptors, among whom we may mention the celebrated Buchanan. Crichton made rapid strides in the career of instruction; he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts when he was only twelve years of age, and received the grade of Master at the expiration of two years more. His attainments in knowledge were so great at this early period that he was considered the third scholar in the seminary. But the proficiency which he made in learning did not in the least abate his ardour to

acquire more. He continued his unwearied application, and in a short time became complete master of the philosophy and sciences of the time, as well as of ten different languages. The natural quickness of his parts happily aided his love of study; and, in his sixteenth year, he was already embarked in that career of fame which has diffused such splendour over his memory.

But we are not only to consider our hero as a possessor of unusual mental endowments and studious acquirements:—strange to say, his life affords a striking illustration of the possibility of the union of those qualities and accomplishments which appear somewhat inconsistent with each other. The pursuit of science and laborious study naturally argues sedentary and effeminate habits, which cannot but be accounted unfavourable to the acquisition of corporeal advantages or the cultivation of the liberal arts. It would seem that nature portions out to each individual peculiar walks in which he is to become eminent, and accordingly each one is more or less endowed with the requisites of that peculiar walk to which he is destined. Besides, life being a span, and the departments of science and art so numerous, it seems almost impossible that a single individual can attain any conspicuous eminence in nearly all the walks of human excellence: yet, strange to relate, this wonder is fully established in the life of our hero.

His personal appearance was manly and prepossessing:—a form gracefully turned, combining the advantages of strength and symmetry, and an intellectual and handsome countenance, threw a charm over his person that heightened the more solid benefits which he had received from nature. Crichton is, indeed, described by some as a model of masculine beauty. But these endowments were furth-

increased by the activity of his body and the elasticity of his limbs: he accordingly soon acquired all those accomplishments which were so diligently cultivated by gentlemen of that age, and are yet pursued, though they have decreased somewhat in importance. He became an adept in all the martial exercises of those chivalrous and romantic times. Among other practices, the art of fencing was one which engrossed a great portion of attention, and was most assiduously followed. The sword was the weapon used in all contentions of honour throughout Europe, and as, unfortunately, the practice of duelling was extensive, the necessity of learning the art of self-defence became apparent: the masters of fencing assumed an importance to which they had no proper claim, and travelled through various courts to bestow their instruction. Crichton applied himself with his usual ardour to this exercise, and, in process of time, was accounted a most skilful as well as intrepid swordsman.

In the management of a horse he also evinced much spirit and expertness: not only could he bring the most fiery steed under command, but he displayed uncommon ease and grace in his horsemanship, so that additional beauty was conferred on his already elegant person.

Great praise is also bestowed on his dancing, which is reported to have been consummate in agility and grace. In short, there was no pastime in which physical advantages may be favourably displayed wherein he did not evince a high degree of excellence. To these accomplishments he added a decided genius for the enchanting art of music. He possessed a soft, harmonious voice, a correct ear, and fine taste. But his superiority was not limited to the vocal department of the art, for he was besides, a skilful performer on a variety of instruments. In addition

to all these merits, Crichton possessed the advantages which spring from an intercourse with good society. The rank of his father obtained for him a passport to the highest circles in his country, and he there acquired that elegant carriage and graceful address, which heightened the effect of his varied excellence.

It was the practice of the times, among the Scotch nobility and gentry, to send their sons to travel through foreign courts, in order to finish their education—a custom which deserves high commendation, as nothing contributes to afford greater knowledge of mankind in general than travelling. It was natural the young Crichton should follow the method adopted by his countrymen; and the attainments with which he was adorned seemed in some manner incomplete, and his education imperfect, until he had visited the most celebrated courts of Europe. With the lustre of fame gained in his own country, possessing the extraordinary merits which we have recounted, and endowed with a frame capable of enduring great fatigue and toil, our hero prepared for his travels with great ardour and buoyancy of spirits. Paris was at that time (as it is also now) a justly celebrated capital. It was distinguished not only for the splendour of its courts, but the learning of renowned professors and scholars. Erudition and gaiety seemed to divide the attention of the lively inhabitants of Paris, and a great concourse of foreigners were naturally attracted to the capital by the laudatory reports of fame. Crichton resolved to visit the French court in the first instance; and, in adopting this determination, he had probably more reason than a mere idle curiosity to behold the wonders of the place.

It was a practice generally followed, not only in France, but in other countries of Europe, to ho!

public debates on science and philosophy, in which the most renowned scholars made it a duty to take a part. In these scientific and literary contests the greatest ingenuity was used, in order to present the most abstruse and difficult questions on the given subjects of dispute. The possessors of talents and erudition had thus an open field to obtain rapid distinction, and a great temptation was accordingly held out to ardent minds to enter this field of intellectual contention. Crichton's mind was fired with the emulation of glory, and as he had made such extraordinary proficiency in the learning of the times, he entertained sanguine expectations of success. Besides, to the intrinsic advantages of the education he had received, he added those of graceful manner, elegant deportment and address, which so eminently distinguish the refined gentleman from the college pedant. In this respect he possessed a decided superiority over his adversaries, the greater part of whom, through a mistaken notion founded in conceit and pride, conceived that the confined life of a cloister or a solitary closet, the severity of dulness and a stiff pomposity of manner, are alone deserving the approbation of a learned being. This ridiculous idea is now pretty generally scouted from society, and we find, without surprise, that depth of thought and vigour of intellect may exist without personal neglect in dress and manner, the adoption of eccentricities, and contempt for the elegancies of polished life.

Soon after his arrival in Paris, Crichton, in pursuance of the practice cited above, caused placards, containing a challenge to the professors and scholars, to be affixed in the places of most public resort. He declared in these *cartels*, that, at the end of six weeks, he should present himself at the College of Navarre, when he would answer all questions put

to him concerning any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, whether practical or theoretic. This challenge attracted in no slight degree the public attention, and became the topic of conversation in Paris. Every one was surprised at the boldness, not to say presumption, of the foreign youth, who dared thus seek a voluntary competition with the profound scholars of so celebrated a capital. Various opinions were entertained on the subject, and some persons could not reconcile great proficiency in learning with the youth of the champion. It was accordingly the prevailing notion, that Crichton would not attend at the appointed meeting, and that the whole affair was a sort of pasquinade or joke against the French university.

This opinion, however, was contradicted: for, on the appointed day, Crichton was faithful to his challenge, and the disputation actually took place. A vast concourse of spectators crowded to the celebrated seminary, eager to be witness of a contest that had excited the most lively interest. Crichton presented himself in a composed and collected manner before his learned opponents, and the ceremony began. The most eminent divines had assembled on this interesting occasion in order to put the most abstruse questions to the accomplished youth. He, however, showed himself ready to answer any queries, to the astonishment of the learned assemblage; and he acquitted himself in so honourable a manner that he received public testimonies of admiration from the president and four of the professors. Far from being unduly elated by his triumph, Crichton seemed to make very light of a distinction which would have swelled with grateful joy and sweet intoxication, the breast not only of a young man, but one of the more aged and less ardent scholars. This circumstance heightened the glory which he had

gained, and his name became the topic of general conversation in the French capital.

The court of Henry III. was, despite of the calamities which afflicted the nation, one of the most gay and splendid of Europe. The most expensive pageants, gorgeous shows, magnificent feasts, and every scene which can display a monarch's profusion were continually rehearsed in Paris, and a constant round of pleasure and pomp seemed to be the absorbing occupation of his courtiers. The chivalrous pastimes of the age were objects of high regard, and accordingly tourneys, tilting, jousts, and other martial exercises, accompanied with all the state and ceremony of chivalry, were often celebrated. In these the king and the most distinguished noblemen of his court always took a prominent part; and the arrangement and magnificence of such scenes were, with Henry, matters of the first consideration.

It is not surprising that Crichton should have been rejoiced to live in a city where such means of distinction were offered, nor that he should eagerly take part in occupations so consistent with his tastes. Having acquired such honourable academic distinction, he now eagerly longed to gain equal reputation in another line—one, indeed, in which he was calculated pre-eminently to shine. The beauty of his person, the symmetry of his form, added to the great skill he had acquired in all the requisites to achieve feats of arms, placed him in a situation to cope successfully with the most famous antagonists. In a short time he became, accordingly, the wonder and delight of the gay capital; and, quitting for a time the more grave pursuit of academic honours, he devoted himself with ardour to the acquirement of other distinctions. He was, at one time, found in the ball-room, exciting general interest by the ease of his dancing and the elegance of his manners; at

another he was seen in the hunting-field, or the riding-academy, commanding equal praise by his skill in horsemanship. Every feat of agility, courage, and strength, was performed by him with such perfect facility and grace, as to astonish the most complete masters in the art. Again, he appeared gallantly accoutred at a tilting match in the Louvre, where his admirable skill carried the palm of distinction in the presence of the assembled beauty of the French court: and the approbation of the fair sex, the most agreeable tribute to the feelings of an ardent and youthful mind, could not fail to excite lively transports of joy in the heart of the young foreigner.

Such was the pleasing life which our hero led in Paris; and the reputation which he gained by the display of such multifarious endowments and accomplishments, would have been sufficient to influence the most unimaginative mind and the coldest heart. It was at this time that he first obtained the distinguished appellation of "*the Admirable Crichton*," a title with which his name descends to posterity. The laurels that he had already acquired seemed, however, not to have satisfied his ambition; and his thirst for glory, far from being allayed, was only more excited by each draught from the cup of popular applause. The mind of our hero was one of those that cannot remain inactive for a single instant, and must always seek out some predominant object to occupy them. To a certain point this restless ardour—this longing emulation—is productive of fine effects, but it often degenerates, if suffered too long to rule over the heart.

The youth and the circumstances attendant on the life of Crichton rendered the present state of his mind not only excusable but deserving of praise.

Having already obtained an extraordinary fame

as a scholar, he now wished to acquire the same distinction in the career of arms; this idea filled his imagination, and although the plan which he had laid down for himself, with regard to his travels, would interfere with his present determination, and allow him but a short time for the acquisition of military glory, he nevertheless entered the French service, and was engaged in the civil wars which afflicted the nation at that time.

In the course of two years he had so distinguished himself by his courage, discipline, and martial conduct, that he not only became an able officer, but rose to an honourable post in the French army.

Having thus spent two years in France, Crichton, not satisfied with the gratifying results with which his residence in that kingdom had been attended, resolved to seek for another field of distinction. Italy appeared, in his ardent view, a principal point of attraction, and one capable of contenting the desires of the most enthusiastic person. Nor was this without reason, for Italy was considered at that time the centre of learning and the liberal arts, and the most eminent professors and artists that dispersed themselves throughout Europe had proceeded to that classic spot. Crichton resolved, accordingly, to resume his travels towards Italy. He then first directed his course to the celebrated city of Rome, where he was no sooner arrived, than, in compliance with the usages of the times, he issued placards similar to those which he had published in Paris. At the appointed day he was found at his post. The assemblage before which he appeared was one of the most splendid. The pope and cardinals, with the most distinguished inhabitants, were present, as well as a vast crowd which had been attracted by the fame of the gifted foreigner. The triumph that Crichton acquired on this occasion was, in every

respect, equal to that which had previously crowned the display of his talents in Paris.

From Rome he proceeded to Venice, then a most celebrated capital; but, notwithstanding the universal admiration which he excited by the display of his extraordinary powers, and the joyous welcome he met with on every side, our hero was troubled by some mental distress, which, according to the most probable conjecture, had its origin in the want of fortune. His father, the lord-advocate, in spite of his exalted station, was not a rich man, and it is not impossible that the expenses attendant on travelling, with slender means, might have reduced Crichton to embarrassment in pecuniary matters. Indeed, he himself, in some verses addressed to the celebrated printer, Aldus Manutius, very plainly hints, at the calamity which he was obliged to endure. When he arrived at Venice, he presented the above mentioned verses to the eminent individual to whom they were addressed. Aldus was considered at the time not only the best printer in Europe, but a man of considerable learning, and a promoter of literature. He accordingly received the young foreigner with great cordiality, and the merits of the poem failed not to increase the favourable impression which his fame had excited.

The appearance of Crichton, his elegant manners, and pleasing address, were also calculated to conciliate the favour of Aldus. "When he perused his verses to Manutius, that critic was struck with a very agreeable surprise, and judged from the performance that the author must be a person of extraordinary genius. Upon discoursing with the stranger, he was filled with admiration; and, finding him to be skilled in every subject, he introduced

him to the acquaintance of the men of principal learning and note in Venice."*

Crichton became amicably attached to Aldus Manutius, and, by his means, made a circle of valuable acquaintances in the place. The fame of our hero had rapidly spread through the country, so that, upon his arrival at Venice, a very short time elapsed before he was solemnly introduced to the doge and the senate. Upon this occasion he pronounced a splendid harangue, which captivated the attention and won the good will of the audience, no less by the power of its eloquence than the graceful delivery with which it was accompanied. Indeed, such was the favourable impression made by Crichton through his oratory, that, according to the words of one of his biographers, "he was esteemed a prodigy of nature." He also held public disputations on various points of theology, philosophy, and mathematics, in the presence of the most learned professors, as well as a vast multitude of people, all eager to hear the youthful miracle of learning. His reputation was now so great, that several accounts of him were written and published. Copies of his poetical compositions were in the greatest request, and his numerous accomplishments were extolled in the warmest terms of praise.

But his fame, and the admiration which it created, were not limited to the circle of learned men and grave scholars, for he received from every side the most flattering tokens of applause. Such universal suffrage was highly gratifying: but what, perhaps, conveys a more thrilling sensation of pleasure at so early a period of life, is to be the idol of the young, and fair, and lovely, and accomplished; and this gratification was lavishly bestowed on Crichton,

* *Life of Crichton*, by KIRKPATRICK.

who became "the observed of all observers—the centre to which were directed the fondest wishes and the fairest eyes in that country of love and beauty." So prosperous a fate, so brilliant a career of glory and admiration, was now partially obtruded upon by symptoms of declining health. The subject of our memoir began to suffer very much, and his medical advisers and friends, when they found him somewhat recovered, ordered him to proceed to Padua. This city possessed at that time a university, which was held in very great esteem, and Crichton, notwithstanding the enfeebled state of his constitution, resolved to pursue his studies with his wonted ardour and alacrity, anxious to distinguish himself in the new scene offered to his ambition.

On the day following that of his arrival, our hero appeared before an assembly of the most important and learned men in the city, attracted by the reputation of the extraordinary youth. Crichton then opened the meeting with a poem in honour of the city, the university, and the eminent persons he was addressing; from poetry he changed to prose, in which he held a learned debate on various points of science and philosophy with the most famous among the spectators. The disputation lasted six hours, during which Crichton displayed so high an order of talents that the wonder of the learned assemblage was powerfully excited. Among other labours which he undertook, he victoriously combated the errors of Aristotle and his commentators; yet he brought his arguments with such modesty, and came to satisfactory conclusions with such unaffected good nature, that the merit of his triumphs was greatly enhanced by these charms of his tempter and character.

The taste for this sort of academic exhibitions was very much increased by the celebrity of Crichton.

ton, and a repetition having been eagerly requested by the public, it was determined that another disputation should be held in the palace of the Bishop of Padua. Some unexpected events, however, preventing the ceremony from taking place, the enemies of Crichton's glory eagerly availed themselves of this circumstance to lower him in the public esteem; they began to disparage his merits, insinuating that he was afraid to enter the list of learning, and that he ought to be considered as a quack and imposter. To refute these envious creatures, Crichton caused placards to be affixed on the gates of the two principal chambers, declaring his readiness to engage in a controversy against the philosophy of Aristotle and in favour of that of Plato; a subject which, at the moment, divided the talents and learning not only of the University of Padua, but of almost all the learned bodies in Europe. Crichton appeared in the place of contention with a collected and fearless manner, yet without an air of presumption; the crowd that assembled to behold this extraordinary meeting was immense, and the most profound interest was evinced as to the results of the disputation. Crichton was assailed by the most learned men, but he came well prepared, and he went through his arduous task with unparalleled ease and composure; this memorable contest was extended to the space of three whole days, but the protraction served only to augment the splendour of our hero's triumph. Aldus Manutius, who was present at the meeting, bestows upon him the name of "miraculous enchanter." The enemies of the accomplished Scotchman were completely silenced by the overpowering weight of his eloquence and learning. He remained in the field ready to meet any other opponents, and, at the end, was hailed with enthusiastic tokens of approbation as surpassed

every applause bestowed hitherto upon any individual, however gifted and celebrated.

The admirable Crichton now pursued his travels to the court of Mantua, where the fame of his extraordinary merit had long before preceded him. His singular endowments were to be tried in this place in a different line from that which had hitherto so eminently served to illustrate them.

It has already been observed that the art of fencing was an object of grand consideration among the European nobility and gentry; but no where was the use of the sword carried to such perfection as in Italy. There were at that time several roving gentleman who made it the pursuit of their lives to display their prowess and consummate skill as swordsmen. These champions, or rather bullies, used to travel about foreign courts with the detestable view of showing their dexterity at the expense of their fellow creatures' existence—an odious and abominable practice, somewhat resembling the avocation of the professed duellists of this day, though, perhaps, more excusable, if we look to the state of civilization at that period.

At the time of Crichton's arrival at Mantua, one of these dreaded bravoos happened to be in the city; he was an Italian gentleman, no less conspicuous for personal powers than for his consummate skill in the use of arms—"A man of a mighty, able, strong, nimble, and vigorous body; and by nature fierce, cruel, warlike and audacious, and superlatively expert and dexterous in the use of his weapon."* This dangerous man, elated with the detestable success which attended his feats, and rendered arrogant by the impunity with which they were achieved, had decided upon the no less strange

* Sir T. Urquhart.

than horrid pursuit in life, of seeking out victims to satisfy his vanity and cruel propensities. Immediately upon his arrival in any city, his uniform practice was to issue a public challenge to all those who felt disposed to engage with him in single combat; upon the acceptance of the challenge, the combatants laid down a certain sum of money, which was to become the recompense of the victor.

This barbarous practice, tamely tolerated by the ruling powers, was always followed by lamentable results: this had been the case in Mantua, for, no sooner had the champion entered that court and proclaimed his challenge, than three gentleman accepted the defiance, and were, in a short time, numbered with the dead. Their tragic end was the topic of conversation in Mantua at the time when Crichton came into the city. The inhabitants were powerfully excited by feelings of regret; these were the more poignant from the ungenerous exultation which the conqueror showed over their fallen townsmen: the haughty Italian paraded the city in the insolence of his sanguinary triumph, with the same pride as if he had obtained some glorious and beneficial victory for his native country.

Our generous hero was fired with just indignation when he became acquainted with the circumstance of the case. He was himself, as we have already observed, a very skilful adept in the use of the sword, and it is probable that he had further improved his excellence in the art during the time that he was engaged in the French service. But whatever might be the degree of his proficiency in the use of the sword, it is no less certain that his noble spirit and resolute courage stood higher than any other consideration. Neither the strength and skill of the formidable Italian, nor the frightful fame which he had acquired by his numerous encounters,

were sufficient to deter our youthful hero from entering the lists with him. A feeling of generosity and manly spirit actuated the heart of Crichton at the moment, and he willingly ventured his life to free society from the scourge of such a man.

Accordingly, without loss of time, he sent a challenge to the Italian, which was readily accepted, and a meeting was arranged to take place in the presence of the court of Mantua. Nothing could exceed the interest which this event produced among the public; the popularity of Crichton, his extraordinary merit, and the noble daring which he now displayed, all contributed to create a general sympathy in his favour. On the other side, the courage, skill, and terrible renown of the antagonist, were such as to cause a deep feeling of dread for the issue of the contest; and many there were who anticipated, with a sensation of mixed horror and regret, the moment which was to snatch from this world, in the bloom of life, an interesting being, born to be one of its ornaments.

Our hero entered the place of combat with a noble deportment, and in a fearless manner. The contest was of long continuance—the silence of breathless excitement hung over the assembled crowd—every feeling was concentrated to the spot where the combatants exerted all their powers. They soon appeared to be equally matched; for, though the strength and activity of the Italian were amazing, yet those qualities were amply compensated by the skill and composure of his opponent. Crichton, aware of the advantages which bodily strength gave his adversary, prudently chose to act upon the defensive until his powers should be partially exhausted by repeated attacks; in this plan he was completely successful; for, when he perceived the Italian growing tired, he became in turn the aggres-

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age of King Henry the Third, who was an enthusiastic admirer of theatrical representations.

The admirable Crichton devoted himself with his usual energy to the task, and, in a short time, produced a sort of dramatic satire, in which he ingeniously ridiculed the vices and follies of the various classes of society; the merits of the performance were indisputable, but what served at once to enforce the talent and give additional effect to the representation, was the resolution formed by our hero, of being a prominent actor in his own drama. Accordingly, when the piece was brought out on the Manchester stage, he himself undertook to perform the most difficult character in it; a task which he went through with singular feeling and complete success. His versatility of talent was astonishing, and the various changes in voice, manner, and action, were so wonderfully in agreement with the character they were intended to represent, that it would appear incredible they should have been all the performance of the same man, if in our days we had not a striking instance of such powers.* The triumph with which this display was crowned, was equal to that which had invariably attended every other of his performances. Crichton was now considered a prodigy, a being defying all the narrow limits of human superiority in a mortal in whom Providence had been pleased to concentrate every sort of excellence of which human nature is susceptible. Indeed, such a combination of merits, and these too of the most opposite description, had never before been united in the same individual.

This extraordinary conjunction of mental and physical powers was displayed by a mere youth who had not yet attained his twenty-second year. Into

* Mr. Charles Mathews.

this short space he had crowded a series of actions and triumphs which would not only have done great honour to the mature man, but were, if divided, sufficient to establish the reputation of several individuals. So brilliant a career could not, however, be of long duration. Perfection and complete happiness are not to be expected in this world; and the splendour of Crichton's existence was about to be succeeded by the darkness of death. This lamentable event was, in its circumstances, as tragical as it was interesting, and serves to throw over the life of our hero an additional tint of the romance by which it is so strongly marked. It happened in the following manner:

One night Crichton was returning from a visit which he had paid to the lady of his affections. He was walking in perfect security through the streets of Mantua, and beguiling his time as he went along by playing on his guitar. Suddenly, he found himself surrounded by a party of riotous persons, in masks. Without any provocation on his part, to his surprise, he saw them all attack him with as much rapidity as violence. Nothing daunted, however, by the suddenness of the attack, and inequality of the parties, he promptly laid hand on his weapon, and resolutely determined to sell his life at the highest possible price. A fierce encounter took place; and, notwithstanding the superiority of numbers, the admirable skill, activity, and presence of mind of Crichton gained, after some time, a decided advantage. His unmanly enemies, unable to cope with so gallant a foe, now betook themselves to flight. Our hero pursued them until he had laid hold of, and secured the leader of the party; and, having disarmed him, he proceeded to take off his mask. What were his astonishment and sorrow at the mournful discovery which he made? With the

deepest feeling of regret he saw in this ungenerous aggressor, the person of the prince, his young master. Though he had only acted upon the defensive, and behaved throughout the contest in the most unobjectionable manner, yet his ideas of romantic loyalty so prevailed, that he expressed himself deeply concerned for the part he had acted in the scene. He immediately bent his knee, and, with equal generosity and devotion, presented his sword to the young prince.

Vincenzo di Gonzaga was a man of strong passions, and of a darkly revengeful disposition. The treachery of his heart had been conspicuously displayed in the method he had thus adopted of indulging his vindictive spirit against our hero; but only a monster, devoid of all the human attributes, or a madman deprived of all sense, could be capable of the action which followed. No sooner was the sword presented, than the prince took it eagerly, and then, with unparalleled baseness and atrocity, plunged it fiercely several times into the body of his noble and defenceless adversary. This abominable act was so quickly performed, that the unfortunate Crichton had no time to attempt a defence, or avoid the terrible blows dealt against him. So that, covered with fearful wounds, and weltering in his blood, he fell on the ground, to rise, alas! no more.

The deed committed by Vincenzo di Gonzaga is so black, unmanly, and atrocious, that it is almost impossible to find for it the slightest degree of palliation or excuse. It is supposed that he was excited by tumultuous passion, and further inflamed by wine, when he committed an act that throws such disgrace on his memory. The poison of jealousy was festering in his bosom. In Crichton, his former friend and preceptor, he had found not only a rival in love, but a successful one. The

preference given by the lady of their mutual affections, proved fatal to the favoured lover. The prince watched his opportunity, and perpetrated the dark deed; mystery, however great, still hangs over the transaction; and it is not clearly established, whether this melancholy event was the effect of an accidental encounter, or of a premeditated plan: but it is not the less certain that Crichton fell in the manner described, and by the hand of his master, the young prince of Mantua.

"Thus," says Mr. Fraser Tytler, "died the admirable Crichton, in the twenty-second year of his age; preserving, in this last fatal encounter, that superiority to all other men which rendered his life so remarkable; and then, only, conquered, when his romantic ideas of honour had made him renounce the powers and the courage which, upon every other occasion, had so pre-eminently distinguished him."

To this little more needs be added. The marvellous excellence of the admirable Crichton is of a character to command the deepest feelings of surprise and admiration, by the mere naming of his multifarious merits. He was a profound scholar, and deeply versed in theology, philosophy, astronomy and mathematics. Besides a complete knowledge of his own language, he was acquainted with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Spanish, French, English, Flemish, and German. Many of these languages he not only knew correctly, but wrote in them with perfect elegance and ease. He was profoundly versed in the knowledge of history and geography, and had decided talents for poetry, as many of his compositions prove. As a military man, he had served with distinction in France. In the use of arms he was a complete master. He was a perfect equestrian, an elegant dancer, an able

draughtsman and a thorough musician. He could sing with finished taste, and play on a variety of instruments. To this astonishing combination of talents and abilities was added every other advantage; such as beauty of person, graceful manners, pleasing address, and noble bearing. He was witty, gay, and generous, and united the elevation of a superior mind with the sentiments of a noble heart!—Such was the admirable Crichton!

VOLNEY BECKNER.

Born 1748—Killed 1766.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the town of Londonderry, in Ireland. Nature had denied him the advantages of birth and fortune, but she had implanted in his bosom qualities of no ordinary merit—qualities calculated to conduct the possessor to honourable distinction. He was the son of a poor, illiterate sailor, and accordingly received no other instruction than such as related to a seafaring life, the career which his father, naturally enough, intended him to follow. Though destitute of education, little Beckner well deserves a place in the biography of youth, both on account of the singular quickness of his parts, and the heroic use which he made of the noble virtues of his heart. He was, besides, endowed with much activity and strength of body, together with a sagacity and promptness of

comprehension which would have produced very satisfactory results, had he been placed in a different rank of society. He possessed great elevation of soul, and, from his earliest infancy, showed such a determined courage and resolution as would, doubtless, have led him to very glorious deeds, had Providence allowed him to run a long career in life.

Beckner's father, a hardy seaman, and inured to the chances and accidents belonging to his laborious and dangerous profession, had resolved to accustom his child, from the cradle, to suffering and fatigue, that he might be enabled to make a good sailor. Fortunately, the child was the inheritor of a good constitution and a sound frame; and the early privations to which he was subjected by his father, tended to improve his bodily powers. He therefore made very light of things which, to a delicate person, would seem totally insurmountable. The education which little Beckner received, was, partly from his parent's desire, and partly from necessity, somewhat similar in hardness to that bestowed on the Spartan youths. To acquire habits of forbearance and endurance, patiently to suffer deprivation, to put up with hunger, cold, and fatigue, to brave danger, and court labour—in short every thing which tends to strengthen the body, and improve the energies of the mind—was a task to which the elder Beckner had most diligently undertaken to inure his son.

The art of swimming is one of more importance than is generally supposed. As an exercise, its merit is indisputable; and, as a means of self-preservation, it ought to be diligently cultivated by the male classes of society, especially by those who are destined to brave the dangers of the seas. With the sailor it ought to be an object of principal importance; and he should be a complete adept in

swimming, even before he becomes acquainted with the letters of the alphabet. From the nature of his profession he is in continual peril of suffering wreck, and the necessity of the above-mentioned advantage is obvious. The elder Beckner was fully aware of the truth of this assertion, and would not neglect so desirable a requisite in a seamen.

No sooner had little Beckner issued from the cradle, and begun to move about, than his father applied himself to give him lessons in swimming. It is surprising of what human nature is capable when its powers are properly cultivated and called into exercise. The experience, not only of danger, but of an unpleasant sensation, which causes so much pain and terror in little children, was undergone by Beckner with all the indifference of a full-grown man. His father used to cast him into the waves almost before he could speak—then, supporting him with one arm, he began to teach him how to move his little legs and arms. By this early application the pupil became such a proficient in the art, that, in the fourth year of his age, he was able to follow, by swimming, the vessel in which his parent served, to an astonishing distance. His father kept an active eye upon him; and, when he perceived that the child began to be overcome with fatigue, would plunge into the sea after him, and bring him back to the vessel. At other times, when the little fellow did not appear much exhausted, a rope was thrown to him, by the aid of which he very briskly climbed up the side of the ship.

In a short time Beckner became useful aboard; he was so hardy, active, and free from all sense of fear, that, in the midst of the most tempestuous weather, he did his duty about the vessel with perfect unconcern. In the dreadful conflict of the elements, when the wind howled furiously, tearing

the unfurled canvass, and the rain fell in torrents, the hardy boy was to be seen actively at work, neither daunted by the gloomy aspect of the storm, nor by the hardships it imposed. He climbed up the masts with astonishing facility; and, in the midst of the raging tempest, when the vessel was tossed about on the broad bosom of the sea, he might be observed perched on the top of the mast, or entangled in the rigging, in the same apparent tranquillity and indifference as might be shown by a person viewing the storm from under cover, in complete safety and comfort.

Severe and hardy education is the most apt to prepare men for heroic deeds and magnanimous resignation. In the present state of society, persons are prompted to deem rude and barbarous that system of education which confers decided benefits on our moral and physical qualities; but the lessons of experience should teach us the justice of the above statement. Little Beckner was brought up indeed in a most rigorous manner; his food was biscuit, so hard and musty that it was necessary to break it by main force; he was allowed a few hours of sleep, and that too taken, not in a comfortable bed, but stretched on the hard floor; yet, for all this, the boy continually enjoyed a perfect state of health; he never suffered from a cold, and he was exempted from fevers, complaints of the stomach, and the long train of maladies which generally originate in a life of ease, sloth, and dissipation. This freedom from disease enabled Beckner also to possess a contented mind, and a heart free from wants and sorrows.

The desire of glory and distinction must be born with the individual. Like every other human feeling, it may be improved or softened down, but it cannot be fostered where nature has not already

sown the seed. Circumstances certainly stimulate men to deeds, both of virtue and crime; but the passion that gives the impulse to those acts must have previously existed. In persons deprived of the advantages of education, we often see an ardent love of learning; and, in like manner, in a humble mind, we find an emulation for great things, which seems at variance with the condition of the individual. This must be the operation of natural instinct, which certainly displays itself before the reasoning faculties can be brought into action.

Young Beckner, owing to the meanness of his origin, derived little benefit from instruction by books; and though he was naturally of a quick disposition and persevering spirit, these qualities could not be brought to maturity for want of mental cultivation. His father having destined him to a seafaring life, bestowed all his attention, as we have seen, on the task of preparing him to become a good sailor. Debarred, therefore, from the enjoyments which are supplied by the improvement of the mind, and deprived, likewise, of every probability of obtaining any distinction from the exercise of his faculties, the desires of Beckner were directed into another channel. The great and the daring have unusual attractions for boys. We see a large proportion of children, even in their games and sports, give a preference to every object which argues the possession of courage, and the contempt of danger. This feeling, deeply rooted in the heart of Beckner, discovered itself very early; and was no doubt improved by the hardy system of education adopted towards him by his father.

His early dreams were, accordingly, all of glory, since noble sentiments and courage mostly possess a larger share in its acquisition than mental possessions. Beckner, who felt conscious of his own

intrepidity and constancy, and of having a frame prepared for toil and fatigue, anxiously longed for the moment when the glittering hopes that played before his fancy should be realized. The naval glories of England were the theme of his speculation; and, as he was aptly fitted by nature and education for the rough trials of the sea, he indulged the hope of obtaining distinction in the navy. Being asked one day what was glory, he answered, "Glory is to serve our country with zeal, and fulfil with strictness the duties of our station."

Young Beckner was so assiduous, and so full of good-will, as well as quickness of disposition, that, at the early age of twelve, he had obtained a promotion in the vessel in which he served, and was adjudged double pay. The captain of the ship used to point him out as a model to other young seamen; and, on a certain occasion, he did not scruple to say, "If this boy continues to display the same courage and good conduct, I doubt not, that, in the sequel, he will obtain a post superior to my own."

Young Beckner was continually exhibiting traits of daring; he never recoiled from the prospect of danger; and his adventurous soul appeared to enjoy a certain delight when engaged in the performance of some duty of which the probable peril would intimidate other youths. But, amidst the various instances of courage and noble resolution illustrated in his short career, none deserves our admiration more justly than the action which put a period to his existence.

Beckner and his father were making a voyage from Port-au-Prince to France. Among the passengers on board, there was a rich American, with his infant daughter. This child, taking advantage of a moment when her nurse, rather indisposed, had

insensibly fallen asleep, separated herself from the servant, with that strange propensity to roving discovered in children, and ran to the head of the vessel. There she began to look with mingled curiosity and wonder on the vast expanse of the ocean; and, whilst her attention was thus occupied, something made her suddenly start, when, turning her head, she lost her balance, and fell into the sea.

Fortunately enough, the elder Beckner saw the child fall; and, with the quickness of lightning, he plunged himself into the waves in order to effect its rescue. His noble endeavours were successful. In a few seconds he had seized the little girl, and, whilst, with one arm, he held her close to his breast, he strove, by swimming with the other, to regain the vessel. His proficiency in swimming would have enabled him to save both the child's life and his own, when, to his consternation, he perceived a large shark advancing rapidly towards him. The formidable fish came lashing the waves on which it was borne, anxious for its prey. Beckner saw the horrible danger by which he was threatened, and cried aloud for help. In a moment all the passengers and crew thronged to the deck of the ship; but, though every one saw the peril, and lamented the lot of the courageous sailor, no one dared venture to his assistance; the appearance of the monster terrified them.

Those of the vessel, unable to afford a more efficient aid, began a brisk fire against the shark, which, regardless of the noise, kept still advancing, and was near gaining its object. In this moment of horror and dismay, whilst vigorous and brave men were struck with amazement, and unable to act, a generous impulse of heroism and filial tenderness prompted a boy to perform what no one else had

the courage to dare. Young Beckner, seeing the extremity of the danger to which his father was exposed, now seized upon a well-sharpened sword, and, with this weapon, plunged into the sea. By his dexterity in swimming, he soon succeeded in the plan he had formed. He dived under the water, and, getting behind the shark, he swam until he was below its stomach, and then with equal skill, steadiness, and resolution, thrust his weapon into the animal, to the very hilt. Startled by this unexpected attack, and writhing under the pain which the wound produced, the shark, excited to rage, now abandoned its intended prey, in order to vent its fury upon the young assailant.

A fearful spectacle presented itself to the view. Every one on the vessel stood in a throb of anxious horror and expectation. The generous young Beckner, nothing daunted by the formidable appearance and superiority of the enemy with which he had engaged, in order to save his father, continued for some time the unequal contest. Whilst the huge animal was twisting and turning to seize upon its prey, the boy plunged again and again his sword into its body. But the strength of Beckner was not sufficient to produce a mortal hurt, and though the numerous wounds which he inflicted did severe injury to the horrible foe, the little hero at length found the necessity of striving to regain the vessel and abandon the combat. The crew had, meantime, thrown out ropes to the father and his spirited and self-devoted son, in order that they might be rescued through their means.

For some time, the motion of the waves, and the necessity of flying from the more imminent danger presented by the incensed shark, hindered the two objects of distress from availing themselves of the help held out to them; but, at last, they both suc-

ceeded in each grasping one of the numerous ropes that were thrown out. Every one on board now lent his assistance to draw them out by strength of arms. These efforts, to the lively joy of the anxious spectators, were not void of success. Hope began to dawn in the breasts of all. Both father and son were now above the waves, and suspended by the ropes—their rescue appeared certain.

The enraged and bleeding animal perceived that its prey was on the point of escaping. With the sagacity of instinct, and stimulated by the natural impulse of vengeance, the monster now collected every energy, and, making one mighty bound, succeeded in catching between its fearful teeth the unfortunate boy, who was still suspended on the rope which he held; the effort of the huge animal was so successful, that it divided its victim into two parts, of which the creature devoured one, whilst the other was left, a horrid token of the heroism and dreadful fate of young Beckner! The spectators, at this appalling scene, uttered a cry of horror, and stood fixed in sorrow and amazement. They then applied themselves to help the elder Beckner, who safely gained the vessel, with his little charge, the unfortunate cause of the calamity.

Such was the end, at once generous and frightful, of young Volney Beckner. He was little more than twelve years of age when he encountered this terrible adventure, which put a period to his life, and smothered the rising hopes that his qualities had inspired in the breast of those who knew him. His noble spirit, his courage and magnanimity, would certainly have enabled him to play a conspicuous part in the career which he had embraced; but Providence had decreed otherwise. His course in life was destined to be short; nevertheless it was sufficient to afford a most striking illustration of intr

pidity and filial love, and to offer to the admiration of youthful posterity a noble example. When we consider the generous act of self-devotion for which he lost his life, the most lively feelings of sorrow and regret occupy the sympathising heart; but still, when the imagination is roused, and the best feelings of our nature are touched by the heroism of such deeds, we must admit that the misfortunes with which they may be attended are not left entirely without consolation.



CANDIAC DE MONTCALM.

Born at Candiac, near Nismes, in 1719.



CANDIAC DE MONTCALM has been considered a juvenile phenomenon. Seldom or never have precocious dispositions more punctually fulfilled the promises held out by them, than in the case of the subject of this memoir. The premature erudition of this boy naturally excited the wonder and admiration of the age; and he has been repeatedly pointed out as a striking illustration of the great powers of the mind, even in an infant state, when properly cultivated. It is an incontestible fact, that young Montcalm was favoured with uncommon endowments by nature, but certainly those advantages would never have produced the effects which were shown in the boy, had he possessed a less careful and provident father.

The Marquess of Montcalm, having himself received the benefit of a good and liberal education, and being sensible of the benefits it confers, made it his duty to bestow the utmost care on that of his son. Experience has shown that the possession of talents and virtues is superior to all other earthly blessings, and that, however such qualities may often struggle with difficulties, or be treated with injustice or undeserved neglect, they nevertheless carry with them their own solace, and must excite admiration and respect. Deeply impressed with this truth, the Marquess of Montcalm endeavoured very early to instil into the mind of his infant son a contempt for the casual advantages of birth and fortune, and to possess him with the idea of the superiority which ought to be assigned to merit and virtue.

The good father determined to spare neither care nor expense to forward the views he had conceived with regard to his son's education. He knew that the principal point depended on the choice of those who were to preside over his studies, and was well convinced of the value of a kind and prudent tutor. The Marquess of Montcalm succeeded in his endeavours to obtain suitable teachers; he selected for the important task of education, men worthy in every respect of seconding his laudable intentions. The happy dispositions discovered from the earliest infancy in little Montcalm were fostered with the utmost care and assiduity by his masters. They wisely abandoned the trammels of that system of routine, which is more likely to disgust the pupil than to encourage him in the pursuit of learning; and they offered their lessons under such varied and agreeable forms that the child never manifested the least repugnance to his task. It has been said that the sight is the most perfect of our senses. The impressions we receive from the appearances of

outward objects are those which remain most deeply engraven on our memory. Acting upon this idea the tutor of Montcalm imagined the device of teaching the alphabet by means of different cards and other moveable pieces; and Candiac had become perfectly acquainted with his letters when he was scarcely fifteen months old!

In proportion as the child advanced in age, the means employed by his master assumed a less simple form, and the task imposed on the pupil was increased in difficulty. He had hardly attained his fourth year, when he could not only pronounce and read fluently the French language, but what is still more surprising, the Greek characters were equally familiar to him, and he was able to read them, both in print and manuscript. This early power was singularly aided by the union of purpose existing between the teacher and the pupil. It is well known, that one of the most serious obstacles to the attainment of learning is the little cordiality observable often between the student and his instructor. Many children, naturally of an obstinate character and idle disposition, are obliged to be continually threatened and punished, to induce them to perform their tasks. Nothing can be more fatal to the progress of the pupil than this. Compulsion, mischievous in most human pursuits, is more conspicuously so in the task of educating children. Independently of the bad feelings which it excites, the agency of fear is not only the most degrading to humanity, but also the least satisfactory in its results. The argument that infants, being without the use of their reasoning faculties, can only be influenced by the dread of bodily punishment, is at once false and most pernicious. Indeed, the most reasonable motive to this which we can give is, that pedagogues find the task of laborious and

patient explanation to the pupil far too tedious;—whereas the application of the birch is a much more expeditious operation, and seems to save much time and trouble.

Fortunately, Candiac's naturally pliant and good disposition stood in no need of threats, or any other compulsory plan. Of a lively imagination, a quick understanding, and susceptible heart, he was extremely sensible to the voice of praise and encouragement. A single endearing word, a little act of kindness, was enough to stimulate him to the performance of even more than was required of him. Indeed, his inclination for study was now so great, that his ardour required to be checked rather than excited. Books were to him the attraction of life, and study was regarded more as an amusement than an occupation. But this eagerness after knowledge became at length too great; and the instructors of the child found it necessary to use their influence and vigilance to prevent the mischief which such excessive application might produce. On this account they were obliged to conceal every book, while Candiac was ever on the alert to seize upon and devour them in secret.

In the fifth year of his age he was taught the rudiments of the Latin tongue, and his progress was such, that, after some months, he was able to construe and explain *Cornelius Nepos*, and others of the more easy writers. His faculty for languages was astonishing; but not more so than the facility with which he imbibed the principles of the sciences. In a short time he became master of arithmetic and geometry, geography, history, with a knowledge of antiquities. The rapidity with which he learnt was a matter of wonder to his teachers, who were no less astonished at the variety of his talents, than

at his unremitting application and the good sense of his reasonings.

The numerous acquirements of young Candiac, and the reputation which his precocious learning had obtained, naturally excited the curiosity of many to see and converse with the infant prodigy. His father's house soon became a place of resort for men of talent and abilities, who were anxious to ascertain the justice of the boy's renown. The Marquess of Montcalm having one day invited several academicians to his house, the conversation turned on the sciences. Each of the guests spoke on that particular branch of human knowledge to which he had devoted his time and studies. The topics discussed were such as completely accorded with the taste of young Candiac; yet he dared not utter a word in the presence of so many learned men, but preserved a most respectful silence.

At length he was desired to speak in turn, when, with great modesty, he began to express himself in such a manner as to surprise the academicians, and convince them that the child was acquainted with every subject that had come under their discussion. Nay, what heightened their astonishment, and increased the reputation of Candiac was, that he made several curious and interesting remarks, of a kind which had escaped the notice of the erudite assemblage. This illustrious boy possessed an extraordinary memory, to which quality he owed the complete knowledge which he had acquired of history and geography. He now asked of the learned company present, the name of the province which had given each of them their birth; and, having ascertained that point, he proceeded to a performance that struck them with wonder and admiration. He took a piece of chalk, and with no less rapidity than accuracy, described a chart of France on the

floor; this done, he pointed out to every one of the guests the place of his nativity, its respective situation and distance. Then he described the rivers that flowed through it, the battles fought in the place, and the eminent men whom it had produced. All this was done with extraordinary facility; and he then wound up his discourse by many fit and just observations on the natural history and antiquities of the scene he had described.

The astonishing erudition of little Montcalm, though it became the subject of admiration with the majority, was not the less subjected to many doubts and speculations. Some persons, more suspicious, or less inclined to grant such superiority to a mere child, began to reconcile themselves to the belief, that the possessor of such knowledge was nothing but an echo, or a parrot that utters sounds of which it cannot comprehend the sense. Among this number was a certain lady of talent and learning, who determined to catechise the child, and be convinced, on her own experience, how far he was entitled to the applauses given to him. For this purpose she engaged in conversation with Candiac, and began to speak on the conquest of America by the Spaniards, as a subject fruitful in difficult speculation. "You cannot," said the lady, among other things, "deny the tribute of your admiration to the wonderful discovery of a New World by Columbus. You must allow that the sugar and other articles brought thence are very useful things." Candiac, with much modesty and gravity of tone, answered—"Indeed, this is a very difficult problem to resolve, and I ought not to presume to attempt its solution. But I do not conceive that we are become richer by the gold of Peru, nor that we have been rendered more happy by becoming acquainted with *regions* of which we kne-

nothing at all before." This answer delighted the lady so much, that in a transport of tenderness she embraced the child, and congratulated the father on the possession of so illustrious a son.

Candiac was justly pronounced a prodigy of learning; he was intimately acquainted with the works of the historians, orators, and philosophers, and had made copious extracts from, and comments on, the performance of these different writers. His reputation increased every day, until it became the topic of conversation, not only within the friendly circle, but with the neighbourhood. Nor was this interest confined to the native place of the child; his fame spread through the surrounding towns, Montpellier, Lyons, and even Paris, the centre of science and letters, rang with the praises of the extraordinary boy. Accounts were published to satisfy the curiosity of people with regard to the abilities of Candiac, and the papers spoke largely of the attainments of this literary wonder.

The Marquess of Montcalm was justly proud of the honours and distinction gained by his child, and he began to reap the fruit of his labours and solicitude. His delight was vivid, but, alas! of short duration. His beloved-child, the object of so much care and anxiety—the star that was to diffuse such brilliancy over the land of his birth, was doomed to run but a momentary, though dazzling career. Candiac began to shew symptoms of declining health, and his constitution was probably weakened by intense application to study. His frame had been always delicate, and the uncommon exertion of the mental faculties doubtless proved fatal to his existence. After having excited the most sanguine expectations of his friends, as to his future glory, he was quickly snatched from their hopes and affection. He had not attained his fifteenth year when

he died: but he has left behind him a name dear to memory. Though so young, he ranks among the learned, and receives the meed of applause which posterity grants to those who have distinguished themselves by the display of genius and of vigorous powers of mind.

BLAISE PASCAL.

Born 1623.—Died 1662.

BLAISE PASCAL, one of the most illustrious names in the annals of French genius and science, was the son of a gentleman who held an honourable post at Rouen. He evinced from his very earliest infancy a strong tendency to reflection, and was often surprised by his relatives absorbed in the most profound reveries. Fond of investigating the causes of things, and drawing a chain of deductions in order to arrive at satisfactory conclusions, he was continually putting questions, the nature of which were at variance with the tenderness of his age, and which served to prove that the powers of his mind had outstripped the growth of his frame.

The fond solicitude of the elder Pascal was anxiously excited when he perceived these rising symptoms in his son; for he reasonably argued, that any extraordinary mental precocity was, generally, obtained at the expense of the physical powers. He accordingly grew apprehensive for the health of his

child, and took especial care never to introduce into conversation any of those topics which appeared to be so consonant with his taste. Nay, he went further; for, upon the increasing eagerness of his son to be told what mathematics were, he expressly forbade him to speak on the subject; and, the better to withdraw attention from it, he devoted him to the study of languages. All these precautions were of no avail; young Pascal, in spite of every obstacle, persisted in his favourite ideas, and continued to ask questions of his father concerning them. It is the characteristic of the ardent aspirant to scientific or literary fame, to be damped by neither disappointments nor trouble in the attainment of his object; nay, difficulties, instead of disheartening, serve often but to increase the ardour of studious persons. Thus it was with young Pascal; he was constantly dwelling on the favourite subject of his meditation, and ever on the alert to seize an opportunity of advancing his knowledge therein.

When he was scarcely twelve years of age, his father, worn out at length by the importunities of his son, told him, in a careless manner, that geometry is a science which teaches how to describe figures, and to find the proportions which they bear amongst each other. Having said this, he commanded his son never again to mention the subject. This was enough: the hint afforded by his father, slender and unsatisfactory as it was, sufficed for the studious child; by the help of an extraordinary combination of genius and reflection, it produced the most striking results. Young Pascal devoted the whole of the time allowed for recreation to the amusement which his thought alone furnished. Hour after hour he was seen plunged in a mood of reflection that seemed at strange variance with his years. He would then take a piece of charcoal,

and, with the aid of a few books which he had been able to obtain, and more especially by the almost miraculous exertion of his mental powers, without master or instruction of any kind, he succeeded in resolving the problems of Euclid, until he arrived at the thirty-second.

His father, not less surprised than overjoyed at the extraordinary endowments of his child, no longer combated his inclination, but, on the contrary, determined to afford him all the assistance in his power towards the further development of such brilliant genius. The progress of young Pascal was astonishing; and, at the age of sixteen, he published a treatise on Conic Sections, which gained the warm approbation of the most learned professors. Flattered and encouraged by such distinction, Pascal continued his pursuit with redoubled vigor, and he had scarcely attained his nineteenth year when he awoke the wonder of the scientific by a most extraordinary invention. It was that singular arithmetical machine, by means of which, without pen or pencil, and without even knowing the rudiments of calculation, one is enabled to perform all manner of arithmetical operations.

The success attending the attempts of young Pascal stimulated him to fresh exertions, and was productive of new experiments. His active mind was allowed no repose. The thirst of knowledge was increased, instead of being allayed, by any draught drunk from the cup of science, and each brilliant result was considered by him only as one connecting link, one step gained towards more important conclusions. The learned Toricelli had devoted his time to the study of space, and had made various experiments on the subject. His fame fired the ardent soul of Pascal. He pored over the experiments of Toricelli, and pushed still further his

scientific discoveries. His exertions were crowned with success; for he clearly demonstrated, that all those effects which had hitherto been attributed to the vacuum (as it is called) are produced solely by the weight of air.

The study of mathematics was a favourite pursuit of those times, which might, according to the expression of a celebrated writer, be denominated the golden age of geometry. A spirit of scientific discovery seemed to fire every man of erudition, and it was the ruling fashion among the learned to send challenges to each other, which related to the proposal and solution of problems. Following this practice, father Mersenne had offered a problem for solution which was so extremely difficult, that it baffled the penetration and the learning of the most profound mathematicians. Not deterred by the failure of such distinguished men, Pascal devoted his whole attention to the given problem, and, after some time, to the astonishment of every one, succeeded in obtaining its solution. Thus, what had been above the combined power of the most learned men of the age, was performed by a youth.

A life of such severe mental occupation was attended with its natural results. The health of the ardent Pascal gradually declined after his twentieth year; and though he was destined to run yet a very brilliant career, and attain to the middle age, he never enjoyed a good state of health. A most extraordinary change at this time took place in his pursuits and studies. One would have supposed that the brilliant success which had attended his mathematical labours, would have bound him for ever to the cultivation of that science; and that he would have carefully excluded from his mind all other objects, which might in any way interfere with his progress in its pursuits. The event show-

ed the fallacy of such an opinion. Contrary to the most reasonable supposition, the mind of Pascal suddenly took another bent, and by a strange chain of events, the fame acquired by his mathematical labours, great as it had been, was superseded by still greater glory, obtained in a different branch of human knowledge.

It had been observed, that Pascal had for some time past been imbued with strong devotional feelings, and that he was very attentive to his religious duties. He gradually grew scrupulous; and the pensive cast of his mind threw over his speculations a degree of gloom which proved fatal in the sequel. His melancholy became more and more oppressive, and his temper grew rigid, unsettled, and timorous. Religious gloom is the most terrible of all morbid affections: when it once seizes the imagination, it rarely looses its grasp, and the most striking arguments are often ineffectual to sooth the mystic terrors wick it generally creates. Pascal, affected by this malady, (for such it ought to be called,) devoted himself to the exercises of religion with great severity. Not content with the duties he had imposed on himself, and the rigour to which he had subjected his life, he now formed the resolution of retiring to Port-royal des Champs. It was in this place that he composed the celebrated *Lettres Provinciales*.

The ascendancy of the Jesuits was very great at that time, and many of their fanciful reasonings were incautiously admitted by the strongest minds and most philosophical reasoners. The debates between the followers of Loyola and the disciples of Jansenius became a matter of high regard, and champions entered the field on both sides, armed with the weapons of genius and learning. The contest was curious and interesting, and several individuals distinguished themselves by their exertions. None

however obtained a more extended fame, and certainly none deserved it better, than Pascal. The *Lettres Provinciales*, which he wrote against the Jesuits on this occasion, have been considered, by the unanimous judgment of the most competent persons, not only a classical production, but one which powerfully contributed to the improvement of the French language. The choicest gifts of the most brilliant genius are abundantly scattered over this masterly work. The flow of fancy, the thundering of eloquence, the sharpness of satire, are all most copiously exhibited: and one is lost in admiration of the bright display, which, while it presents the most striking arguments, offers also great richness of diction, and purity of language. In spite of the time in which it was written, it is still considered a faultless performance—a model of composition in its kind.

Pascal in his thirtieth year already exhibited the symptoms of premature decay. If we may form our judgment by his mind, he had already lived his appointed time, and he was now an old man at that period when it is generally considered that both the physical and mental powers are most fully developed. But, as we have said, the health of Pascal had received a severe injury from his intense application to study, no less than from the ever-stirring activity of his genius. From these causes combined, a most melancholy effect was produced. Pascal became silent, gloomy, and rigid, in all his thoughts and actions. Indeed, in the latter portion of his life he may be considered a sort of religious misanthropist. It is related that he had carried his delusion to such an excess, that with the view of completely withdrawing his soul from all worldly objects and affections, he was continually on his guard over his own feelings, lest he should take too

strong an interest in any person, even in those who were bound to him by the ties of blood or friendship. His own sister was not excepted from this strange and melancholy resolution.

The heart bleeds when it dwells on this humiliating picture of genius and worth turning from their natural channels, and falling into the depth of folly, and morbid feeling. Narrow spirits we often see strongly imbued with the notion of a cheerless, rigid, and uncharitable piety; we feel neither surprise nor much pity at the exhibition: but to behold a master mind, one which Providence designs not only to be the admiration, but to contribute to the improvement of human nature, labouring under these gloomy apprehensions, fills the heart at once with mingled sentiments of wonder and regret. How Pascal, who had from his childhood displayed such strong powers of mind, so clear an understanding, and so correct a judgment;—how he who had been a shining light in mathematical science, which, in the range of human knowledge, may be justly called the *science of truth*;—how such a mighty genius should have experienced so deplorable a decay in his later years, may seem a startling puzzle; yet the fact is perfectly reconcileable with itself.

The frame of Pascal had not only been affected by his ardour for study, but, what was still more distressing, his mental faculties had been greatly weakened, and partially deranged by their unnatural exertion. In this state, they only wanted an opportunity to show their disorder, and this opportunity unfortunately presented itself. Pascal became impressed with a singular delusion, which made him fancy himself surrounded by an appalling danger. This strange and melancholy vision arose from the following circumstance:

Pascal had been for many years under the care of medical men. Perceiving that the cure of their patient could not be effected so long as he persisted in the indulgence of his sedentary and reflective habits, the physicians advised him to take as much exercise as possible, which would at once strengthen his enfeebled frame, and divert him from his mental fatigue. In pursuance of this advice, Pascal used to go out in a carriage every day, to the bridge of Neuilli. On one occasion, in the month of October, 1654, as he was enjoying his accustomed drive, the horses took fright, and, refusing all control, plunged headlong into the river Seine. Fortunately, however, the strong concussion broke their harness, and the carriage remained on the border of the precipice, while the horses were hurled below. By this means, the life of Pascal was saved from instantaneous destruction; but his mind and body received, nevertheless, a most afflicting injury. One may easily imagine what effect this sudden fright and violent motion must have produced in the weakened state of Pascal's constitution. He fell into a fit, from which it was with great difficulty that he recovered; and from that moment he became an object of compassion.

Through the effects of this accident the brain of Pascal had been so much injured, that the remembrance of the danger dwelt constantly in his mind, and gave rise to a most distressing vision. The unfortunate man was continually tormented by the impression, that he was on the border of a precipice; and, when at home, he was in the habit of placing a chair at his left side to ascertain whether he was not close to an abyss. In like manner, his dreams by night became, if possible, more fearful than his delusion by day. The phantom which his fevered imagination had conjured up, continued to

persecute the wretched patient with painful obstinacy, and no human effort was powerful enough to discard it from his mind. The friends of Pascal, and more especially his father confessor, for whom he entertained a great respect, endeavoured to calm his apprehensions by pointing out the folly and imaginary nature of his fears; but the cure of the maniac was past human means. The efforts towards this succeeded in restoring a transient calmness, from which he relapsed into his former delusion. His gloomy misanthropy returned, and the frightful gulf stood yawning before his afflicted fancy.

About this time he had a singular trance, or vision, which is ascribed to the same cause, and the remembrance of which he retained during the remainder of his life. This strange fancy he had put upon paper, and carefully preserved it, carrying it always within the lining of his coat. It was during this distressing malady that Pascal used, at intervals, to set down his *Pensees*, or thoughts. These miscellaneous and random reflections were meant to be the rough materials for a great work which he intended to publish in defence of Christianity; but the enfeebled state of his constitution was unequal to the exertion; and his friends, with sentiments of pity and regret, plainly saw, that his projected performance would never be brought to a conclusion.

Their fears were, unfortunately, verified; Pascal fell beneath the power of his malady, leaving his work unfinished. His death happened on the 19th of August, 1662, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. The *Pensees*, of which such high anticipations had been formed, were published soon after the death of their author, and excited as much curiosity as admiration. But though the greatest praises have been bestowed on this incomplete production, the claims of Pascal to immortality certainly do not rest upon

this effort of his genius; nor, perhaps, will his great proficiency and discoveries in the mathematical sciences, much as his high merit in this respect deserves to be applauded, prove the principal title to his fame. It is rather as an eloquent and extraordinarily gifted writer, that Pascal is established in our minds. His disputes with the Jesuits have laid the foundation-stone of his glory; and his *Lettres Provinciales*, which sprang from those debates, will remain an imperishable monument of fame to their author; for, even in the present day, when no manner of interest attaches to the vain and bygone controversies between the saints and Jansenists, this masterly production, which was written against the former, *Lettres Provinciales*, is read with undiminished interest and admiration. So great is the power of eloquent genius, clothed in appropriate language; the beauties of which are of a nature that suffer no injury from the progressive effects of time.

Such was Blaise Pascal, a name of which the French nation has just reason to be proud. Whether we consider his precocity, his singular and early tendency to reflection—so much in opposition to his infantine years—the progress he made in science—or the beautiful monument of genius which he has left behind; we shall, in every case, find much to excite our surprise and praise. Yet these feelings of admiration are unfortunately mixed with regret. We grieve, whilst bestowing the meed of praise on the genius of Pascal, that he should, in the latter part of his life, have afforded a painful example of the weakness, the nothingness, of human nature. His story, however, affords a highly moral and instructive lesson. It teaches us, while we set a just value on mental endowments, to elevate our ideas and hopes to brighter objects than we can ever hope attain in this world.

LADY JANE GREY.

Born 1537.—Beheaded 1554.

Few names that appear in the page of history are calculated more warmly to interest the human sympathies than that of the young, accomplished, and unfortunate Jane Grey. This celebrated person, from a combination of adverse circumstances, during her short but eventful life, was surrounded with difficulties and encumbered with trouble.—An instrument in the hands of a powerful and ambitious courtier, she suffered for a fault committed decidedly against her inclination, and became a delinquent when possessing all the best attributes of virtue. Her life and death may be presented to the youthful reader as a model of merit, as well as a touching illustration of misfortune; and when we consider the important part she had to play in the great drama of politics, in times encompassed with difficulty; when we reflect on the extraordinary endowments she had received from nature, and brought to maturity by careful cultivation; we may conclude that few lives have a higher claim on the record of the biographer, or the attention of the reader.

Lady Jane Grey was of a very illustrious descent. Her father's family was one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Fulbert, the founder of the house, is reported to have been chamberlain to Robert, Duke of Normandy, from whom he obtained the castle of Croy, in Picardy. From this possession he took the surname of De Croy, which was changed in the sequel into De Grey. We will not, however, fol-

low the dry details of genealogy, when space is required for matters of greater importance. Lady Jane Grey was the eldest daughter of Henry Grey, Marquess of Dorset, and Lady Frances Brandon, eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, dowager Queen of France, and youngest sister of King Henry VIII. Lady Jane was born at Bradgate, in Leicestershire, in the year 1537. Of her infancy little is known, further than that she shewed very early a love of study, and that her education was attended to with the utmost care. On her proficiency in ancient and modern languages great praises have been bestowed; she is reported to have possessed a profound knowledge of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, French, and Italian. But such statements ought to be received with a competent share of salutary caution; and though we are willing to admit that her attainments were considerable, yet it may be doubted whether her real knowledge of languages went beyond Latin, Greek, and French. Her tutor and preceptor was John Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, though the honour of having contributed to her instruction is also shared by the celebrated Roger Ascham.

Under the tuition of these learned men, she made not only great progress in her studies, but, what was far more important, her mind became very early impressed with the duties of religion, and acquired those habits of piety which so efficiently contributed to the immortal glory which crowns her memory. It is to this, added to the well-regulated heart and strong judgment she had received from nature, that we are chiefly to ascribe her distinguished worth.

Lady Jane was treated with much severity by her parents. By some strange fatality, the mar-

guess and his lady were either blind to the great merit and amiability of their child, or knew not how to appreciate the treasure with which Providence had blessed them. It is probable, that from this very rigour arose her desire of acquiring knowledge; as the feelings of the heart, being checked in their warmest impulses of affection, naturally revert to other sources of comfort and consolation. Notwithstanding the softness of her disposition, she was so unfortunate as not to please her parents, who, for the most trifling offence, punished her not only with taunts and rebukes, but even, as she herself says, "*with pinches, nobs, and other ways which I will not name, for the honour I bear them*" (*her parents.*)

In the year 1551, Roger Ascham visited his gifted pupil at Bradgate, before he set out for Germany. On his arrival at the Marquess of Dorset's, he found that both that nobleman and his lady, together with all their attendants, were gone to hunt in the park; while the Lady Jane remained shut up in her apartment, reading the works of Plato in Greek. The meeting was affecting, and the tutor was not a little gratified at the bent which his pupil's mind had taken. Trained up in the school of parental strictness, and possessing deep sentiments of piety, as well as strong mental qualities, it is not surprising that Lady Jane should, very early in life, have acquired those habits of magnanimity and resignation which, in the end, placed her merit in so conspicuous a light, and which have so largely contributed to exalt her as a character worthy of the admiration of posterity.

But the harshness with which she was treated by her parents was far from being adopted by others. On the contrary, the talents, accomplishments, and character of Lady Jane had won her the favour of all those who had the happiness of becoming ac-

quainted with her talents. And what must have been to her a subject of proud satisfaction, was, that these sentiments of esteem and respect were entertained by men whose virtues and learning were held in the greatest veneration. The grave and learned divines, Roger Ascham, Henry Bullinger, and others, behaved towards her in a manner which best showed the high consideration they had for her. But perhaps this admiration for the industrious and clever child partook rather too much of that spirit of fulsome flattery which was so prevalent at this time. Pedantry went hand in hand with learning; and it was a lamentable and ruling fault, that the worthiest men often consented to darken their own understanding by the foolish mixture of adulation, and were destitute of that refinement which is the fruit of a more advanced period of civilization.

In a letter which Roger Ascham wrote to Lady Jane at the commencement of the year 1552, whilst he was on his diplomatic mission in Germany, we find ample confirmation of our statement. In this epistle, though he inculcates very sound advice, and affords evident proofs of the affection he bore his pupil, there is a great proportion of pedantry and excessive praise, which, if reprehensible in all cases, were much more so when addressed to a young maiden in her fifteenth year. Ascham roundly asserts, that, in the course of his peregrinations, and in his observation on manners, laws, institutions, learning, and religion, he has found nothing that he could admire so much as the person to whom his letter was written, when he found her reading Greek whilst her parents were hunting. "There is nothing that has raised in me greater admiration than what I found in your own self last summer, to see one so young and lovely, even in the absence of her earned preceptor," &c. &c.—"To find her, I repeat,

Oh, all ye gods! so divine a maid, diligently perusing the divine Phædon of Plato: in this more happy, it may be believed, than in her noble and royal lineage."

The strain of flattery in which not only the tutor of Lady Jane, but even other learned reformers, were wont to indulge with regard to her, whilst it must be severely censured by every upright and delicate mind, offers yet one more reason to enhance the merit of the young person to whom such flattery was directed. It certainly argues great strength of mind, no less than purity of heart, in Lady Jane, that, in despite of the ridiculous and exaggerated praises and respect with which she was treated by reverend and learned divines, neither the sentiments of that mind, nor the feelings of that heart, should receive any injury. Notwithstanding the temptations to which she was continually exposed of falling into arrogance and self-sufficiency, she continued to retain, in their original purity, her native modesty and humility.

But perhaps it will not be deemed superfluous if we suggest other causes for the adulation so plentifully lavished by the Protestant reformers on Lady Jane, independent of the circumstance of her extraordinary deserts. The advocates of religious reform naturally enough considered Lady Jane not only as a proselyte to their faith, but a powerful engine for the furtherance of their views. An opinion was current at the time that she was destined to become the consort of her cousin, Edward VI.; and it is very probable that this consideration had great weight in influencing the conduct of the above-mentioned divines. Certain it is that Lady Jane had early imbibed the Protestant doctrines, and felt an ardent interest in their prosperity. Whether this strong feeling in favour of the new sect arose from

the care of her tutors, or her intercourse with the queen, Catherine Par, or was the effect of deliberate conviction; or, what is more reasonable to suppose, proceeded from all these various causes combined, it is not less true that she became so strongly attached to her religious tenets, that no temptation, however powerful, was sufficient to make her desert them. Neither promise of life and fortune, nor the dreadful image of death, could make her turn from her creed; and hence she has been judged by the reformed writers as possessing claims to the palm of martyrdom.

It was about this time that Lady Jane wrote her first letter in Latin to Bullinger, an eminent Protestant divine, and a zealous champion of the Reformation. In this epistle she mentions that she had begun the study of Hebrew. The composition itself displays a turn of sentiment and a grace of diction which are astonishing in a person of her age. But though her knowledge of the Latin language must be admitted, from the abundant testimony of her contemporaries, to have been considerable, it is not improbable that an elaborate epistle, addressed to so eminent a personage as Bullinger, may have received revision from Aylmer, her preceptor, himself interested in showing his pupil in the most advantageous light. But even after making every deduction, much still remains to be admired in the learned attainments of the interesting subject of this memoir.

On the 11th of October, 1551, the Marquess of Dorset was elevated in the peerage to the Dukedom of Suffolk, which had become extinct on the demise of Henry Brandon, half-brother to the Marchioness of Dorset. On the same day, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was promoted to the rank of Duke of Northumberland. It was now that Lady Jane, who

had attained her fourteenth year, first appeared in public in her mother's train, on the occasion of a visit of the Dowager Queen of Scotland to the court at Greenwich.

The health of young King Edward was already on the decline. It is asserted that some domestic dissensions gave him great anxiety, and contributed not a little to the derangement of his constitution. His sister, the Princess Mary, was a zealous and furious partisan of the doctrines of Catholicism. She had nearly involved the King in a war with the Emperor Charles V., who, it seems, had conceived the plan of snatching the Princess, either by stratagem or force, from England, and conveying her to his dominions in Flanders. The King's health had been materially affected by their disputes on the subject of religion; and, being himself also of a very delicate constitution, he was ordered by his medical advisers to make a tour through a portion of his kingdom, in order to divert his attention from the subject in debate. Others relate that this was only a pretext, and that the real cause of the King's tour was to remove the disaffection of the counties, and carry his might and influence in the elections.

In the commencement of the year 1553, the youthful monarch, who had before been labouring under a very weak state of health, was attacked by a severe cold, which greatly aggravated his case. The malady grew worse, from injudicious treatment, as it is supposed, though it is more probable that the germs of the evil which carried Edward to a premature grave, had long been sown, and only wanted an opportunity to show itself. The complaint became so serious, that Edward was unable to assist at the session of the new parliament at Westminster, and the opening was obliged to be

held in his palace at Whitehall. From this moment the demise of the King became a subject of much and well-founded alarm. Consumptive symptoms began to show themselves, which, notwithstanding the youth and regular living of Edward, afforded strong grounds for apprehension. It was at this critical period that the ambitious and intriguing plans of the Duke of Northumberland began to develop themselves. The probable death of the King gave birth to those speculations of the grasping courtier which terminated in usurpation, and involved in destruction, not only their contriver, but two innocent victims, the ornaments of the age in which they lived.

He planned a union between his fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley, and Jane Grey. He apprehended no opposition on the part of the Duke of Suffolk, nor indeed on that of the young persons principally concerned in the transaction. This point once gained, his next object was to persuade the valetudinarian Edward, to reverse the succession of the crown in favour of Lady Jane Gray. Henry VIII. had, with the sanction of parliament, made in his will the following order of succession:—1st, his son Edward; 2d, the Princess Mary and her children; 3d, the Princess Elizabeth. In case all these should die without issue, the sceptre was to descend to the children of his nieces, the daughters of his younger sister, Mary, the dowager Queen of France, the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

It was from this branch that Jane Grey had her remote claims to the English throne. But the ambitious courtier conceived that he could discard the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, on the plea of their mothers' marriages having been declared null and void. Besides, the great influence which he possessed over the mind of the young monarch, afforded

him a powerful aid in the furtherance of his extensive schemes. From the attachment of Edward to the established church, it was evident he would be easily persuaded to exclude Mary from the succession, as she was strongly devoted to the interests of the church of Rome. More difficulty would arise in inducing him to adopt the same course with respect to the Princess Elizabeth, who, like himself, was a zealous adherent to the Protestant creed. But the Duke of Northumberland felt very sanguine as to the results of his intriguing capabilities, and directed all his powers to their promotion.

The marriage between Lord Guildford and Lady Jane Grey took place in May, in the year 1553; and as the health of the king was fast failing, no time was to be lost in bringing to a termination the plans of the designing nobleman. In the second part of his machination he succeeded to the same extent as in the former; for young Edward, partly from the enfeebled state of his frame, partly from the dexterous way in which the duke played upon his feelings and religious fears, lent himself to the projected arrangement. In his will he altered the succession of the crown in favour of his cousin, the Lady Jane Grey; and the council were also persuaded to sanction this political measure. The documents were signed and sealed with the utmost secrecy, and the duke determined not to give them publicity until due time. The death of the King happened about six weeks afterwards, and some strongly suspected that his death was occasioned by poison, administered by order of the Duke of Northumberland; though it must be acknowledged that there is not sufficient proof to fix so dark a stain upon his memory.

The lamented Edward VI. departed this life on the 6th of July, 1553; and it now became necessary

to give publicity to the arrangements sanctioned by him. At the time of the event, Lady Jane was at Sion-house, where she had resided since the celebration of her nuptials. In this retirement, she had pursued her studies with the same alacrity as previously to her marriage; and it was from this place that she wrote her third letter to Bullinger. Her calm and philosophic mind was far from suspecting the extensive plans which her father-in-law had in contemplation; and it is an indisputable fact, that she remained in complete ignorance of every particular until her elevation was suddenly made known to her on the demise of the King. There is some diversity of opinion as to the manner in which the first announcement of her greatness was made to her; but the most probable, as well as best established account of the affair, is, that the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Suffolk, together with other noblemen, repaired to Sion-house, and addressed the Lady Jane Gray with the respect usually shewn towards a sovereign.

In this first interview, she resolutely refused the proffered crown. Her good sense was not blinded by the splendour of the gift, nor her feelings of justice lulled by the allurements of supreme power. She pleaded the superior claims of her cousins, Mary and Elizabeth, to the throne; and expressed the strongest wishes to continue in that rank of society which Providence had been pleased to assign her. She combated every argument with equal judgment and good feeling; and, alas! happy would it have been had she adhered firmly to this determination. But the ambitious Duke of Northumberland was not easily to be repulsed from the accomplishment of those plans, in the furtherance of which he had employed so much anxiety and trouble. To his remonstrances were added the earnest entrea-

ties of Lady Jane's father; and so powerful an appeal was further strengthened by the importunities of Lord Guildford Dudley, her beloved husband. This young nobleman had not been able to resist the temptation of the dazzling prospect offered to his view; and, unhappily, not content with yielding himself, he used the arts of affection in undermining the prudent resolves of his lovely consort.

Lady Jane could not withstand such repeated and sustained attacks; and she at length gave a reluctant consent, which she granted with tears in her eyes—a mournful omen of the future results with which it was to be followed. But perhaps the consideration which was most powerful in determining her to alter her previous resolution, was the danger in which she found all her relatives involved—a danger which certainly threatened destruction to them, if the plot were not successful. The consent having been thus wrung from the amiable Lady Jane, she invariably evinced her total indifference to the exalted dignity conferred upon her; and it is asserted by Fuller, that when proclaimed Queen of England, she lifted not a finger to put the diadem on herself, but sat passive whilst others endeavoured to crown her.

7 It was an established custom among the Kings of England, immediately upon their accession to the throne, to pass the first days of their reigning in the Tower; and, in conformity with this etiquette, the Duke of Northumberland had the young Lady Jane conducted to that place with great pomp, and proclaimed Queen of England with the usual form and ceremony. The proclamation of her accession to the throne, it is said, was made in London and the neighbourhood, but was received in silence; nor did the eloquence of Ridley, bishop of the metropolis, produce a mere successful impression. He preached

a long and eloquent sermon on the dangers which threatened the Protestant religion, should Mary be suffered to ascend the throne of England; and dwelt strongly on the extraordinary merits of Lady Jane, the new Queen, and her claims to the crown.

During these transactions, Mary was neither ignorant of the attempt made to deprive her of her rights, nor disposed tamely to submit to be deprived of them. On July 9th, she wrote a letter to the council, expressive of her astonishment that the death of her brother had not been duly announced to her, and claiming to be put in possession of her inheritance. The documents which passed at this time between Mary and the council, and the letter of the new Queen, would exceed the limits of our narrative. Suffice it to say, that when Mary perceived the decided opposition manifested to her assumption of the crown, she bestirred herself to carry by compulsion the point at issue, since negotiation had proved in vain. She accordingly repaired to her castle of Framlingham, where she assumed the title of Queen of England; the inhabitants of Suffolk declared themselves for her, and paid the homage due to a legitimate sovereign, although they signified their alarm for the danger with which their loyalty threatened their religion.

The success that attended the partisans of Mary made the situation of Lady Jane Grey extremely critical. The rights of Mary to the crown appeared so incontestible, that they bore down every other consideration; and the rising in the counties in her support was rapid and most encouraging. Yet Mary, to provide against all contingencies, had prepared for flight, in case this alternative should be rendered indispensable. The vigorous measures pursued by Mary's party soon convinced the Duke of Northumberland of the dangers of his situation.

The dream of his ambition could not so far blind the suggestions of reason as to prevent him from seeing that he had been miserably deceived as to the probable result of his attempt. But the difficulties increased, and it was necessary to check their fatal course with all possible expedition.

The duke, however, was undecided what plan to adopt: he had assembled troops in London, and though he was not unwilling to take the command of the army, he yet apprehended that his absence from the metropolis would prove highly prejudicial to the cause. He knew that a general spirit of disaffection reigned in the capital, and he could not rely even on those of his adherents who seemed warmest in their show of attachment.

Under this impression, he proposed that the Earl of Sussex should take command of the troops, and march against the Lady Mary; but in this he was overruled by the decided wishes of the young Queen, who, aware of the difficulties her father would have to encounter, with true filial tenderness opposed herself to this arrangement; so that Northumberland was obliged to take the charge upon his own shoulders. Before he set out on his march, however, he took every precaution to strengthen the resolves of the council, as well as the fidelity of the nobles to the cause.

On the 14th of July he left London, with the Marquess of Northampton, Lord Grey, and other persons of distinction, and proceeded straight forward, with the intention of meeting the enemy.

The duke's forces amounted to about 8000 foot and 9000 horse; but though they appeared sufficient in numbers, it was apparent that they were not animated by any great zeal for the cause. When he arrived at Bury St. Edmund's, he perceived that his army was insufficient to engage in conflict with

any probability of success. The strength of the enemy was at least double his own; nor was this inferiority in troops in any way compensated on his side by superior discipline or enthusiastic attachment. Accordingly, Northumberland immediately sent despatches to the council, earnestly requesting that aid might be given him without loss of time.

But an event now took place which rendered the situation of Jane's party still more desperate. Her adherents, in their solicitude to intercept the passage of Mary by sea to the continent, had ordered six men of war to cruise off the coast, in order to prevent her escape. The weather drove these vessels into the Yarmouth roads at the critical moment when the partisans of Mary were levying forces in her favour. Partly by promises, and partly from dread, this portion of the fleet was induced to mutiny, and delivered up the ships to Sir Henry Jerningham, one of Mary's leaders. By this means she was put in possession of a train of artillery and ammunition; so that, her already strong army being thus further reinforced, she resolved boldly to advance against the enemy. The duke was compelled to retreat. In this movement the confusion increased, and many of the men began to desert their standards. In this manner the disappointed nobleman arrived at Cambridge; and, fearing that the remainder of his army would follow the example of their companions and desert, he plied the council with the most fervent applications to send him recruits, stating that destruction would otherwise inevitably ensue.

The secret adherents of Mary availed themselves of this opportunity to quit the Tower with Suffolk's permission, under pretence of levying troops, but in reality for a very different purpose. Many of the members of the council, and several of the nobility

who were not ill-disposed towards Mary, together with those who had been so loud in their zeal, now thought it expedient to provide for their personal safety. They began to throw off the veil, and exhibit their real sentiments. Lord Arundel was the first to declare himself, although he, at the time of Northumberland's departure, had been warmest in his protestations of fidelity to the cause. All these personages assembled in Baynard Castle, then the residence of the Earl of Pembroke. The pretext of the meeting was to discuss the state of affairs, but the true design was to adopt the best plan for the deposition of the Queen. The Earl of Arundel proposed allegiance to Mary, and was immediately seconded by the Earl of Pembroke, who, laying his hand upon his sword, signified his readiness to fight any one who would dare to oppose this measure.

The assembly soon came to one unanimous resolution; the lord mayor and the court of aldermen were summoned forthwith; and the whole company then proceeded to Cheapside, where they proclaimed Mary Queen of England. This event took place on the 19th of July, and was hailed by the public with the most lively and general demonstrations of joy: indeed the tokens of attachment and loyalty exhibited on this occasion afforded a striking contrast to the ominous silence with which the proclamation of the unfortunate Lady Jane had been received. Neither the most blinded partiality, nor the greatest delusion, could now disguise the real state of the case. The condition of the Queen was desperate. Soon after the new proclamation, the Earl of Arundel and Lord Paget hastened to acquaint Mary with the important change in her favour; intelligence which she naturally received with lively satisfaction.

But notwithstanding the gloomy and foreboding appearance of affairs, the Duke of Northumberland advanced from Cambridge to Bury. This operation only served to render his case totally hopeless: his men began to disband in clusters; and, perceiving the popular feeling loudly declared against his party, and every hope of success completely lost, he returned to Cambridge in the greatest despondency, attended by a very slender escort. He then proceeded with the mayor of the town, to proclaim Queen Mary; an act of abject meanness under existing circumstances, and one which did not in the sequel procure the poor disgraceful consolation of saving the humiliated man from ruin. But the meanness of the duke's conduct, in such utter opposition to his former character, did not end here; for Lloyd asserts, that when he was arrested by Lord Arundel, he tamely fell at his feet and craved mercy.

The new council meantime had despatched orders to Northumberland to submit; but he had previously been secured. A force was then commanded to seize upon the Tower, and to summon the Duke of Suffolk before the council. This done, the members proceeded to St. Paul's, where a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in honour of the occasion. These various political changes took place with extraordinary rapidity. Indeed, several of those very persons who had the day before vowed to stand faithful by Jane, were on the next seen making the same protestations in behalf of Mary. It is probable that all this time the unfortunate young Queen was in ignorance of the various political schemes of which she had been the innocent cause, and was to become the melancholy victim.

It is at this critical moment of her life that Lady Jane appears in the most interesting point of view.

Historians agree in bestowing their applause on the philosophical, composed, and pious conduct which she exhibited at so trying a juncture. The first intimation of the events above related was brought to her by her father. The Duke of Suffolk, after the proclamation of Mary, proceeded, with visible tokens of dejection, to his lovely daughter's apartments, and ordered that all the attributes of royalty should cease. He then advised his child to bear with patience and resignation the great alteration which had taken place in her fortunes. But the heroic Jane stood in no need either of arguments or consolation on this important change of fortune. Her fortitude was equal to any of the other amiable virtues that adorned her character; and instead of being in the least affected by the melancholy tidings, she answered him in a manner which proved that the intelligence was more welcome than afflicting. She said that, in obedience to her parents, and against her inclination, she had committed a grievous offence; but that, in the present act of resignation, she acted according to her own free will, and that she received the news with joy, as an atonement for her fault. After this she withdrew to her private chamber, more occupied with the thoughts of her dangerous position, than mortified by the loss of a crown which she had never coveted.

The act of deposition of Lady Jane Grey was soon after followed by her imprisonment on a charge of treason. The council sent Bishop Gardiner, a Catholic prelate, to intimate this dismal intelligence to the Lady Jane, and to command that all her attendants should quit her and return to their respective dwellings. Mary was now firmly established on the throne, and the next measure for deliberation was, to determine the proceedings most prudent to be taken with regard to the principr

characters in the recent dismal drama. The new Queen gave instructions that Lady Jane and her husband should be strictly confined in different apartments, and deprived of all intercourse with each other. This was certainly that portion of their sorrow which most sensibly affected the hearts of the unfortunate couple. They were inevitably debarred the only comfort which they could experience in their distressing situation—that alleviation of grief which the endearment of tender and virtuous affection is always certain to bestow.

The Duke of Suffolk, one of the most prominent actors in the late scenes, though at first arrested, was again set at liberty, with the restriction that he should be ready to surrender if required. The indulgence shown in this instance to the father of Lady Jane was not extended to the chief contriver and promoter of the usurpation. The Duke of Northumberland could not expect to obtain pardon. His conduct had been too noted for its treason; and when his trial took place, the proofs were so multiplied and strong against him that sentence of death followed as a matter of course. His tardy repentance and cowardly conduct at Cambridge availed him not; but though this unfortunate nobleman cannot excite any sympathy in the readers of his history, in justice to truth it must be observed, that at his trial he was extremely solicitous to exculpate his children from a design of which he laid the whole blame on himself. He fervently declared that Lady Jane was so averse from the assumption of the crown, "that she was, by enticement and force, made to accept it."—On the 23d August, the Duke of Northumberland, together with Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer, were executed on Tower-hill, according to the sentence passed against them. Such was the end of this ambitious

nebleman, whose towering schemes produced disturbances in the country, and were attended with the ruin of one of the most interesting beings recorded in the annals of history.

The coronation of Mary took place on the 3d of the following October; and, immediately after this event, measures were carried into effect for the arraignment of Lady Jane, her husband, Lord Ambrose, and Lord Henry Dudley. The trial commenced on the 13th of November, at Guildhall, to which place Lady Jane and Lord Guildford were conducted under an escort of four hundred halberdiers. Sensible that a defence would be in vain, they immediately pleaded guilty to the charges brought against them, and were accordingly condemned to die. The behaviour of Lady Jane in this terrible moment of her life, is said to have been worthy of the most unbounded admiration and respect. She preserved a dignified composure throughout the awful ceremony; nor did the hollow murmur of the crowd, the clash of arms, and all the terrible accompaniments of a tribunal, in the least affect her constancy. She heard the dreadful sentence of death with calmness and resignation—uttered no complaint—evinced no symptom of weakness. Indeed her intrepidity was such, that, upon observing the distressed state of her attendants' feelings, she kindly offered that consolation of which it was natural to suppose that she herself stood in need.

After her trial, the unfortunate Jane and her beloved partner were escorted back to the Tower, and again confined to their solitary abodes. The public compassion is said to have been strikingly displayed on their return to prison. Mournful lamentations filled the air during the transit of all the prisoners but more particularly for the Lady Jane, who

youth, misfortunes, and merit, could not but soften the hearts even of those who were most violent against the fault for which she suffered. In fact, the circumstances of her case appear to have produced some feelings of compassion in the bosom of Mary herself. It is even asserted, that had not new disturbances and attempts against her crown been made—attempts in which the Duke of Suffolk imprudently took a part—the Queen would have pardoned her innocent rival.

But whatever might have been Mary's real intention, it is not the less true, that presumption is on the side of mercy, as she allowed the Lady Jane to take exercise in the Queen's Garden, and behaved with mercy to others of the principal conspirators. Whether wishing to display sentiments of clemency foreign to her real disposition, or anxious to commence her reign with acts of benevolence, in order to conciliate popularity, cannot now be determined; but certain it is, that she granted a pardon to the Marquess of Northampton and Sir Henry Gates; and the partial alleviation of the rigours of a prison were welcomed by the friends of Lady Jane as omens of forgiveness in her case also. Yet the hopes created by these instances of kindness in Mary, were rendered null by the untoward nature of subsequent events.

Meantime the illustrious captive was severely annoyed on the subject of religion. It has been credibly asserted, that the Queen had a strong wish to convert her former rival in the crown to the church of Rome; and for this purpose she spared no means she could command. Some writers have positively affirmed that life and fortune were offered to her as the price of conversion; but our youthful heroine repulsed every attack with equal resolution and virtue. Nothing could shake her religious princi-

ples; and the noble fortitude she displayed throughout this trying period greatly enhances her former merits, and confers additional honour on her memory.

The accession of Mary to the throne had been hailed by the people in general with strong marks of satisfaction; but these favourable dispositions began obviously to decrease, when her subjects perceived the imprudent zeal which she exhibited for the Roman Catholic creed. Upon the celebration of her marriage with Philip of Spain, the fire which had been burning in secret was fanned into a flame that threatened to involve the country in fresh disturbances and calamities. The discontent now burst into open rebellion. The plot had been ably conceived, but the execution was precipitated by the march of events. Sir Thomas Wyatt was to head the men of Kent, while Sir Peter Carew was to raise the county of Cornwall. The object of the rebellion was to elevate the young Princess Elizabeth to the throne, and unite her to the Earl of Devonshire. The untimely explosion of the affair arose from the urgency of the moment.—As early as January, 1554, negotiations had commenced, and soon after, Count Egmont arrived in London, on the part of the Spanish prince, to settle all the preliminaries of the marriage.

The imprudent Duke of Suffolk, not corrected by the severe lessons of experience, and unmindful that his children were in the power of Mary, joined the conspiracy, and undertook to carry hostilities into the midland counties. So infatuated was this weak nobleman, that, on the 25th of January, he left his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, with the utmost secrecy, and, accompanied by his brothers, the Lords Thomas and Richard Grey, repaired with all possible haste to Leicestershire, where he attempt-

to raise the county. His whole force did not exceed 150 men, and he found so little disposition in the inhabitants to revolt, that he hastened to try his efforts on the neighbouring county, though with the same ill success. At Coventry the citizens shut the gates against him; and, being closely pursued by the Earl of Huntingdon, who was sent by Mary to quell any disturbance in that quarter, the hapless duke gave up every hope, and, dispersing his followers, employed himself in providing for his own safety. He took refuge with one of his brothers, in his park of Astley, but being discovered, was betrayed to Huntingdon, who conveyed him a prisoner to Coventry.

The Lord Thomas Grey at the same time attempted to take refuge in Wales, whence he might effect his escape to the continent; but he was unfortunately discovered and apprehended, as Holinshed says, "thro' his great mishap, and follie of his man, who had forgot his cap-case with monie behind him in his chambre one morninge at this time, and coming for it again, upon examination what he should be, it was suspected that his maister should be some such man as he was indeed, and so was staid, taken and brought up to London." There is little doubt that this fresh rebellion proved fatal to Lady Jane and her husband. The treason of the Duke of Suffolk, whatever might be the real opinion of Queen Mary and her counsellors on the subject, was nevertheless attributed partly to the account of his daughter. Still, even in this position of affairs, Mary, according to the testimony of a weighty authority,* was averse to adopt sanguinary measures; for when her priests and ministers monstated with her in warm terms on the neces-

* Bishop Burnet.

sity of letting the sentence of the law be fulfilled on the unhappy captives, and when they strongly declared, that both the personal safety of the Queen, and the tranquillity of the realm, counselled such a measure, it was with the greatest difficulty that she was induced to sign the death-warrants—a deed which she postponed till the very last moment.

But affairs had now assumed a very serious aspect. Sir Thomas Wyatt was advancing towards the capital; and, on the first of February, had arrived at Greenwich. On the same day, a solemn proclamation was issued by the Queen, in which the failure of the Duke of Suffolk's attempts, and his imprisonment, were announced—a declaration which, naturally enough, might be supposed to check the progress of the conspirators. This, however, was far from being the case. Sir Thomas continued in his original design; and, on the third of the month, presented himself at Southwark with the intention of making an assault on the metropolis. In this critical moment, the Queen was prevailed on to give her sanction for the execution of the prisoners—an event which was, however, delayed until the termination of the above mentioned attack on London.

On the fifth and sixth of February the malcontents ventured on their rash attempt, and actually gave assault to the capital; but on the latter day they were completely defeated, and the leader of the plot taken prisoner. Tranquillity being restored to the city, the Queen's council met on the following day, to deliberate on the best steps to pursue under existing circumstances. The removal of Lady Jane Grey from the world was the first measure decided upon. On the 8th, Feckenham, the Queen's confessor, was sent to the luckless victim of her parents' ambition, to acquaint her with the awful resolution of the council, and to bid her prepare her soul for

eternity. This intimation was received by her with great composure; and some even assert, that the intelligence produced in her feelings of satisfaction, rather than otherwise. It is at least certain, that she was prepared for the melancholy event, and it caused, therefore, neither surprise nor much affliction in a soul strengthened, like the youthful captive's, by the aid of conscious virtue and religious feeling.

Feckenham, according to the instructions he had received, exerted his utmost endeavours, in this interview, to induce the unfortunate lady to change her religion; but all his arguments and remonstrances were in vain. She answered the learned divine with a clearness of reason, and a calmness of soul, that perplexed him. She evinced a complete knowledge of the Bible, and, though taken unawares, she supported her arguments in a masterly manner. She concluded that she had now but little time to live, and that it would be more proper to spend it in preparing her soul for the other world, than in religious controversy. This was construed by Feckenham into an implied wish of a reprieve; and, under this impression, it was asked of and granted by the Queen, who became inflamed with zeal for the conversion of her captive. Contrary, however, to Feckenham's expectations, when he came to announce the delay in the execution of the sentence, he perceived that Lady Jane received the intelligence with more of regret than pleasure. She had made up her mind for death, and she anticipated that all these delays would only be productive of persecution to her on the score of her Protestant faith, in which she had been educated, and was firmly resolved to die.

A very curious event now took place, and which is strongly characteristic of the spirit of the times: this was a conference on matters of religion between

Feckenham and Lady Jane. Strange as a debate of this nature may appear to us between a reverend divine and a young girl, it was still more singular from the manner in which it was carried into execution; for it was held publicly in the Tower, and in the presence of a great portion of the noble and the learned of the land. Lady Jane conducted herself on this occasion with her usual good sense and strength of resolution, and answered the arguments of her learned opponent in a manner that did credit to her talents and erudition. But superior to this merit was the magnanimous virtue she displayed in adhering steadfastly to her religion, and not allowing either the temptations of life and fortune, nor the horrors of a public execution, to make her deviate, in the slightest degree, from the straight path of moral goodness.

The day appointed for the execution of Lady Jane, was the 9th of February; but though she had declined the proffered respite, it was nevertheless confirmed by the council—a circumstance which only tended to increase the sorrows of the captive, inasmuch as she became acquainted with the disaster of her father, who was brought to the Tower on the 10th. It is generally supposed that the unhappy daughter had been totally unacquainted both with the arrest of her parent, and with the fact of his having been up in arms against the Queen. The belief is further strengthened by that memorable letter which she wrote on the 9th to the duke. This document, as it is incontestably genuine, and places in a favourable view the resignation of the writer, we have thought proper to insert, taking the liberty of transcribing it in the orthography of the present day, for the convenience of our juvenile readers. It runs thus:—

“Father, although it has pleased God to hasten my

death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened, yet I can so patiently take it, that I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woful days than if all the world had been given into my possession, with life lengthened at my own will. And albeit I am very well assured of your impatient dolours, redoubled many ways, both in bewailing your own woe, and especially, as I am informed, my woful state; yet, my dear father, if I may, without offence, rejoice in my own mishaps, herein I may account myself blessed that, washing my hands with the innocence of my fact, my guiltless blood may cry before the Lord, mercy to the innocent. And yet though I must needs acknowledge, that being constrained, and, as you know well enough, continually assailed, yet in taking upon me, I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the Queen and her laws; yet do I assuredly trust that this my offence towards God is so much the less in that being in so royal a state as I was, my enforced honour never mingled with my innocent heart. And thus, good father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I presently stand, my death at hand. Although to you, perhaps, it may seem woful, yet to me there is nothing that can be more welcome than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with Christ my Saviour: in whose steadfast faith, (if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father,) the Lord that hath hitherto strengthened you, so continue to keep you that at the last we may meet in heaven with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I am,

“Your obedient daughter till death,

“JANE DUDLEY.”

On Saturday, the 10th of February, 1554, the duke of Suffolk and his brother, Lord John Grey,

were conveyed to the Tower, and the Monday following was appointed for the death of Lady Jane and Lord Guildford. Our youthful heroine now devoted the remaining moments of life to the exercise of her religious duties. On the very last evening of her existence, she was deeply absorbed in the perusal of a Greek Testament, and she also addressed a pathetic letter to her sister Catherine, in which the piety, amiability, and fortitude of the interesting writer are placed in the most conspicuous light. It is asserted also, that even at this awful period she was harassed and tormented by the importunities of the Catholic priests exhorting her to conversion; but her strength of mind rose superior to every temptation, and she remained to the last firm in her adherence to the Protestant faith. The fortitude and magnanimity thus displayed in a young girl, cannot fail to fill the most insensible heart with admiration. It is seldom that even those of the stronger sex, in the vigour of life, and already schooled in the lessons of experience, have exhibited such heroic conduct as the subject of this memoir. But the purity of her soul, and the genuine goodness of her heart, were powerful supports on this trying occasion. A life of innocence forms the best consolation in the hour of calamity, and death loses its terrors when contemplated with the calmness of conscious virtue.

Indeed, so tranquil in soul was Lady Jane on the eve of her departure from this life—so collected were all the faculties of her mind, that she is said to have devoted part of the evening to the correction of a prayer which she had composed, and which had been her comfort during the tedious hours of imprisonment. This composition is of undoubted authenticity, and we cannot refrain from presenting a portion of it to our readers:

"O Lord! thou God and father of my life—of me, a poor and desolate woman, which flyeth unto thee only in all troubles and miseries—thou, O Lord! art the only defender and deliverer of those that put their trust in thee; and therefore I, being defiled with sin, encumbered with affliction, unquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, overwhelmed with miseries, vexed with temptations, and grievously tormented with the long imprisonment of this vile mass of clay, my sinful body, do come unto thee (O merciful Saviour!) craving thy mercy and help, without the which so little hope of deliverance is left, that I may utterly despair of my liberty.

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O merciful God! consider my misery, best known unto thee; and be thou unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly require thee. Suffer me not to be tempted above my power, but either be thou a deliverer unto me out of this great misery, or else give me great grace patiently to bear thy heavy hand and sharp correction.

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Shall I despair of thy mercy? O God! far be that from me! I am thy workmanship, created in Christ Jesus; give me grace, therefore, to tarry thy leisure, and patiently to bear thy works, assuredly knowing, that as thou canst, so thou wilt deliver me, when it shall please thee; nothing doubting or mistrusting thy goodness towards me; for thou knowest better what is good for me than I do; therefore, do with me in all things what thou wilt. Only in the mean time, arm me, I beseech thee, with thy armour, that I may stand fast, my loins being girded about with verity. * * * Hear me, O merciful Father! for his sake, whom thou wouldst be a sacrifice for my sins! to whom with thee, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory. Amen!"

It had been originally determined that the unfortunate couple should undergo their sentence together on Tower-hill; but this arrangement was subsequently changed, the council naturally apprehending that the youth, rank, merit, and personal innocence of the sufferers, would create such feelings of compassion among the spectators of the melancholy scene as might lead to some unpleasant disturbance. It was accordingly decided that Lord Guildford alone should be executed on Tower-hill, whilst his amiable and hapless consort should undergo her sentence within the walls of the fortress. On the morning of the fatal day, Lord Guildford being informed of this arrangement, earnestly requested permission to take a last farewell of his beloved partner. This boon was granted by Mary, but strongly opposed by Lady Jane herself. She resolutely refused to see a dearly-cherished being, whose presence could only, in the present distressing circumstances, overwhelm her with unavailing sorrow, and take from her soul part of that fortitude which was so necessary to her on this awful occasion. She sent a tender farewell by word to her distressed husband, adding many expressions of consolation to cheer him under the weight of their calamity. She represented to him that their separation would only be temporary, and that they would soon be united again in a happier world, where their affections would last for ever, free from all the troubles that had surrounded them in their short career of life.

On Monday, the 13th of February, 1554, the day appointed for the execution of the youthful pair, Lord Guildford was led out of the Tower to the dismal stage of death. As he passed directly under the window of the abode where his wife was confined, she took a last mournful look at him, and threw him a parting token of her affection. Th

gloomy passions towards the next moment. Lady Jane flew out down in holy indignation, and, collecting her thoughts in religion, pursued in steadiness and patience the moment that was to consume her to another world. No picture of sorrow entered the present one in instant; but the cup of affliction, of which the young victim had so deeply drunk, was not yet exhausted, and she was doomed to taste the very dregs of its bitterness.

Lord Guildford underwent his time with becoming fortitude and dignity. Arrived at the gallows, he was met by Sir Anthony Browne, Mr. Throckmorton, and other friends, who were waiting to take a last farewell. This momentary duty of friendship performed, he proceeded with a firm step to the scaffold, and ascended it with composure and resolution. He passed a few minutes, and seemed engaged in devotion; after which, he requested the assembled crowd to pray for him, while a tear rolled down his manly cheek. He then, with much calmness, laid his head on the block, and it was in a few seconds severed from the trunk. The mortal remains were deposited in a cart, and conveyed back to the Tower to be interred.

Preparations were in the mean time carrying on within the walls of the Tower, and a scaffold was erected to serve as the stage whereon the virtues of the female victim were to shine forth in their last and greatest lustre. Immediately after the decapitation of Lord Guildford, the sheriffs announced to Lady Jane that the term of her sentence had arrived, and that they were ready to convey her to the place of execution. This she received with the same calmness of mind as she had already exhibited. She was then conducted to the scaffold, offering up her soul to God, and her services to the state. She was then executed.

gloomy procession passed; the next moment, Lady Jane Grey sat down in holy resignation, and, collecting her thoughts in religion, awaited in meekness and patience the moment that was to summon her to another world. No picture of sorrow exceeds the present one in interest; but the cup of affliction, of which the young victim had so deeply drunk, was not yet exhausted, and she was doomed to taste the very dregs of its bitterness.

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walked towards the scaffold with a firm step and collected manner; her eyes riveted on a prayer book she had in her hand. Feckenham, who was near, assailed her again with his importunities; but neither this persecution, nor the terrible and affecting sight of her beloved husband's bleeding remains which she saw as they were carried back for interment, were able to shake her constancy. She exclaimed, "Oh, Guildford! Guildford! the antepast is not so bitter that you have tasted, and that I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble; and that is nothing compared to the feast you and I shall this day partake of in heaven."

With Christian resignation and magnanimity, the amiable victim now ascended the platform, and, after a short pause, she addressed the spectators of the melancholy scene in a clear tone and calm manner: "Good people, I come hither to die; and by a law I am condemned to the same. My offence against the Queen's highness was only in consent to the device of others, which is now deemed treason; but it was never of my seeking, but by counsel of those who should seem to have further understanding of such things than I, who knew little of the law, and much less of the titles of the crown. The fact, indeed, was unlawful; but the consenting thereunto by me, or in my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocence, before God and you, good Christian people, this day." Here she made a movement expressive of her further meaning. "I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by none other mean but only by the mercy of God and the merits of the blood of his Son Jesus Christ; and I confess when I did know the word of God, I neglected the same, and loved myself and the world; and therefore this plague and punishment is hap-

and worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet, I thank God for his goodness, that he has thus given me a time and respite to repent. And now, my good people, while I am alive, I pray you to assist me with your prayers."

Having pronounced these words, she knelt down, and asked Feckenham if she should say the psalm "*Miserere*;" and, the priest answering "yea," she said the psalm in the same humble and devout manner; after which she addressed Feckenham in these words: "God will abundantly requite you, good Sir, for your humanity to me, though your discourses gave me more uneasiness than all the terrors of my approaching death."

Her devotions being finished, she rose and began to divest herself of her attire. She gave her gloves and handkerchief to her maid, Mrs. Tylney, and her book to Mr. Thomas Bridges, the lieutenant's brother. On her proceeding to untie her gown, the executioner, with rude officiousness, stepped forward to assist her, but she mildly declined his aid, and turned to her gentlewoman to perform this mournful duty, and gave her a white kerchief to put over her eyes.

The melancholy preparations were now concluded, and the executioner knelt down and prayed her forgiveness. This the lovely victim granted with meekness, when, being requested to place herself upon some straw, the dreadful sight of the block first met her view. The dismal instrument of death, however, did not seem to produce upon her any feelings of dread or horror. The extraordinary fortitude which nature had bestowed upon her, and which she had further augmented by the aid of religion, stood by her to the latest moment of her existence, affording one of the most splendid examples of female magnanimity with which the pages of history are

adorned. The hapless girl now said to the executioner, "I pray you despatch me quickly;" and then kneeling down, she added, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" to which she was answered in the negative. She then tied the handkerchief over her eyes, and began to feel about for the block, saying, "What shall I do? Where is it?" One of the by-standers directed her towards the block, on which she unhesitatingly laid down her head. In an instant she stretched forth her body, exclaiming in a clear voice, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." A moment of fearful suspense ensued—the fatal axe fell—the earthly career of Lady Jane Grey closed, and her pure spirit fled to the realms of light, to join the partner of her affections and misfortunes!

Such was the end of the Lady Jane Grey, the lovely and unfortunate victim of ambition and political contrivance. So died one of the most virtuous and accomplished females that have ever shed lustre on their sex. Like a tender flower, she was nipped in her opening bloom; but not before its sweet perfumes had diffused a grateful odour around; not before its beauty had excited the love of the beholder, and made him detest the storm beneath the baneful power of which it was prematurely destroyed. In forming an estimate of the character of Lady Jane Grey, the mind dwells with deep-felt satisfaction on the many rare virtues with which it was adorned. Seldom, if ever, have the most touching qualities of the female character been so strikingly blended with the sterner virtues of the stronger sex, as in the person of this youthful being. Soft and placid in her disposition, she was yet endowed with an extraordinary strength of mind and resolution of purpose, such as appeared almost incompatible with her sex and tender age. Of her

learning and accomplishments much has been said, and the warmest praise bestowed on her literary acquirements. But, in tracing this brief sketch of her life, we prefer dwelling with greater emphasis on her virtues than her talents. Great as the latter undoubtedly were, their lustre is thrown into the shade by the dazzling brilliancy of the moral qualities displayed in her life and death. It is to the latter period of her existence that we would more carefully direct the attention of our young readers. At this short but memorable period, she afforded a most striking illustration of piety, greatness of mind and patience; while her steadfast adherence to her religion, and the persecution she underwent on that subject, have induced some writers (as we have before remarked) to esteem her worthy of the character of a martyr.

But while we give this preference to the moral virtues of Lady Jane over her mental endowments and acquisitions in learning, we must not treat the latter lightly. Though the voice of partiality (joined to the interest awakened by the benevolence of her disposition and her grievous misfortunes) may have exaggerated the merits of her literary attainments, it is not less certain that they were considerable; and, if estimated with reference to the age in which she lived, such as to deserve warm praise. We will not investigate how far she was entitled to be called profound in her knowledge of the learned languages; but it is beyond dispute that she understood her own, and the Latin and Greek with perfect correctness. It is asserted that she was reading the works of Plato, in Greek, when she received the intimation of her approaching death.

The literary remains of Lady Jane Grey are the following, as enumerated by Walpole, in his list of Royal and Noble Authors:—

Four Latin epistles—three to the eminent reformer Bullinger, and one to her sister, the Lady Catherine Grey—printed in a work entitled "*Epistolæ ab Ecclesiæ Helveticæ Reformatoribus, vel ad eos scriptæ*," &c. The last of these epistles was written the night previous to her execution, in a Greek Testament in which she had been reading, and was sent as a dying token to her sister.

A conference with Feckenham, abbot of Westminster, who was sent to convert her to the church of Rome.

A Letter to Dr. Harding, who had changed his religion.

A Prayer for her own use.

Four Latin lines written with a pin.

Her Speech on the Scaffold.

The Complaint of a Sinner.

The Duty of a Christian.

In concluding this memoir, we have to mention that the Duke of Suffolk, the unfortunate father of our heroine, followed her soon after to the scaffold; and added one victim more to the ambitious and treasonable plans conceived and promoted by the Duke of Northumberland.

EDWARD THE SIXTH,

KING OF ENGLAND.

Born 1537.—Died 1553.



THE illustrious subject of the present memoir was the only son of King Henry VIII. and his consort Queen, Jane Seymour. He was born at Hampton Court; and the day of his birth being the vigil of St. Edward, he received his Christian appellation in commemoration of the canonized king. The young Prince was doomed never to experience the tenderness of maternal care; the Queen, his mother, dying shortly after his birth. Historians differ as to the exact date of her death; some affirm it to have been ten days after the birth of the Prince, while others assert that she had but just time to receive the sacrament, and to know that her child had been baptized, before she expired.

There are not wanting persons who have declared, that the Queen was sacrificed to a peremptory command of the King—that the life of the child should be preserved at every hazard; but this can hardly be credited, when it is generally acknowledged, that of all those who had the misfortune to share the crown with King Henry VIII., Jane Seymour was the queen whom he most tenderly loved.

Indeed the assertion is contradicted by the date of letters still on record, being the answers of some sheriffs of counties to the communication they had received from court respecting the mourning, which res the death of the Queen at two days after the th of the Prince.

The King is represented to have been inconsolable at his loss. For some days he would suffer none to intrude on his sorrow, and orders were issued that every public testimonial of respect should be paid to the memory of the departed Queen; whose youth, beauty, many amiable qualities, and, above all, the unhappy manner of her death, had created an interest in the hearts of all good people, which rendered such orders superfluous. There were few who did not sympathise with their sovereign in his grief; and every token of respect was paid at the funeral, which was conducted with all the pomp that is usually joined with the last duties of a powerful monarch towards an affectionate and beloved consort. Perhaps it was fortunate that the Queen was thus early removed from a life, in which, doubtless, she would have been doomed to experience the bitter effects of her husband's caprice and cruelty; although, to judge from the light in which history has portrayed her, if beauty and amiability could have fixed the inconstant mind of Henry, she would have had the fairest chance of success.

The infancy of Prince Edward can scarcely be said to merit a conspicuous place in his biography; but we may remark, that he inherited the milder virtues of his mother, and that his docile and pliant disposition made his attendants regard his service with delight rather than—as is but too often the case with children of the great—with vexation. His mild and amiable manners, joined to a real goodness of heart, endeared him to all around; while the facility with which he acquired, and the eagerness evinced in the pursuit of, the first rudiments of knowledge, made him the pride and pleasure of his early instructors.

At the tender age of five years, the Prince was taken from female superintendence, and placed und

the tuition of Doctors Cox and Cheke, two gentlemen who are said to have been in every way calculated to fulfil with honour and credit the high and serious duties assigned them. During the entire progress of his education, the young Prince appears to have exhibited the most extraordinary capability for the acquirement of learning, and he already gave promise of becoming one of the most accomplished persons of his time. His manners towards his instructors were uniformly respectful and courteous, and in no instance did he ever give evidence of that refractory spirit when under constraint, which a knowledge of high rank and eminent station might be supposed to have naturally occasioned.

The generous disposition of Edward may be partially understood from the following anecdote, which, though a childish adventure, and consequently trifling in itself, is nevertheless interesting, as serving to illustrate the noble qualities of a young person, who conferred additional dignity on his illustrious rank, by the virtues of his mind and the propriety of his conduct; a glorious example to all youth, who should never forget that true nobility consists in worth and virtue. In common with the children of the rich and great, he was from his cradle surrounded with all those amusements in which a juvenile imagination can take delight: at the age of five years, however, a splendid present was made to him by his godfather, the celebrated Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was afterwards one of the champions of the Reformation, and who, in his old age, suffered at the stake in Smithfield;—an inhuman act, and one which would alone have reflected indelible disgrace on its perpetrators, and dishonour to the latest posterity on the blind and bigoted queen by whom it was commanded. This magnificent present was a

bureau of elaborate workmanship, in which was contained a costly service of silver plate, consisting of dishes, plates, forks, spoons, and covers, besides a tea and coffee set, of the same precious metal. The child was overjoyed with the gift, which, being new and polished, was more splendid than any thing he had ever beheld, and he testified his satisfaction by repeated exclamations of delight.

The young Prince's valet, like an officious person of his class, fearing his young master might in the joy of his heart be induced to share his pleasure with others, thought it incumbent on him to impress his youthful mind with the value and importance of the gift; he, therefore, observed, "Your highness will be pleased to remember, that although this beautiful present is yours, it must be kept entirely to yourself; for if others are permitted to touch it, it will be entirely spoilt." "My good Hinbrook," replied the Prince, mildly, yet intending reproof to the sordid domestic, "if no one can touch these valuables without spoiling them, how do you then suppose they would ever have been given to me?" To show the attention he paid to such advice, Prince Edward caused all his young friends to be invited the next day to a feast, which was set before them on the service so lately presented to him. When they had feasted merrily, and afterwards amused themselves in a variety of ways, it became time to depart. The young Prince, having embraced them all, then directed their attention to the silver plate, which had been all replaced in the bureau, and had from the commencement excited the admiration of his companions; with a request that each of his guests would take whatever pleased him best from the service, and retain it as a mark of regard from himself. Some of his visitors, who were of a rather more advanced age, felt unwilling to take advantage of the Prince's

munificent disposition, but he enforced his request with such earnestness that they could not refuse, for he said to them, with a smile, "You know that I am a king's son, and, therefore, can replace them at any time I please."

In this mannner did Edward pass the opening of his days—in the acquirement of knowledge, and in the interchange of kindness with his young friends and associates. But, as it was his fate very early to exchange the peaceful employment of youth for more important duties, it will not be amiss to take a brief review of the few years previous to the time when he succeeded to the royal authority.

The country was at that period a lamentable prey to religious disputes; Thomas, Lord Cromwell, who was then the King's favourite, and Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, promoting the Reformation by every means in their power; while the Duke of Norfolk, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, were zealous supporters of the popish church. The King was guided by neither; but sometimes persecuted one party and sometimes the other, as caprice or cruelty dictated.

Meanwhile the fires of Smithfield blazed mercilessly; and it was not an uncommon thing to see Catholics and Protestants, alike victims of the same terrible sacrifice. Such was the rancorous fury of the times, that the sufferers, forgetting in this vindictive spirit the approach of an awful death, were engaged in angry theological discussions at the very stake; while those of the Catholic persuasion were heard to declare, that the most grievous part of their punishment was that heretics, as they called them, should be their fellow sufferers. Henry, blinded by an egotistical vanity, and supposing that his will in matters of religion was to be implicitly obeyed by a whole nation, issued ordinances regulating the belief

one day, which were counteracted the next, until people were bewildered, and knew not in what manner they could best please their tyrannical sovereign. A check was, however, fortunately put to these grievances by the attention of the King being for the time diverted into other channels. Cromwell, aware of the uncertain bonds by which he held his power, and thinking to strengthen his interest, persuaded the King to take another wife. Anne of Cleves was the personage recommended by the wily politician to his master's favour, and, after some negotiation, the marriage was effected; Cromwell arranging the affair from the commencement to the conclusion. It happened, however, unfortunately for the minister, that the King conceived a violent aversion to the Queen as soon as he beheld her, and Cromwell's interest from that moment began to decline. Henry took every occasion to ridicule and insult her; called her his "huge Flanders mare," and his disgust for her being heightened shortly after by a growing attachment for Catherine Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk, he vented his whole rage on his minister, as the author of his unpropitious alliance.

The Duke of Norfolk was Cromwell's deadly enemy; and observing the posture of affairs, used his niece's influence with the King to ruin the favourite. Cromwell's disgrace was soon made public, and he was abandoned by every friend he had in the world except the upright Cranmer, who wrote a letter of remonstrance to the King in terms which no other man in the kingdom, in those slavish times, would have dared to employ. It was of no avail; the disgraced minister was arrested by the Duke of Norfolk, on the King's warrant, for heresy and high treason. Little form was used on the trial; the

will of the King was alone sufficient; and, without hearing his defence, he was condemned to death.

The last moments of Cromwell were marked by manliness and fortitude. He who had raised himself to eminence by the unworthy means of pandering to his master's vices—who had considered the happiness of a nation as light in comparison with his individual interests or the King's gratification—now met his death with a dignity worthy of a better life. Regard for the welfare of his son prevented him from inveighing against the injustice of his death. He confessed that he had been often tempted from his duty, but that he died in the Catholic faith.

The King's divorce from Anne of Cleves was soon effected, and was as quickly succeeded by his union with the Lady Catherine Howard. This new marriage was considered by the King as so particularly fortunate, that he offered public thanksgivings for his happiness; it was, however, destined to be but of short duration; for, by means of informers, the King received notice that the conduct of the Queen was not free from suspicion. This idea taking possession of his mind, proof was not wanting to the confirmation of her guilt: and the servile parliament, on hearing this, immediately petitioned the King that she might be punished with death; for they had already found her guilty, together with her father, mother, grandmother, and nine others, who were reported to have had knowledge of the Queen's irregularities; with this prayer their master was graciously pleased to comply.

The King's life and cruelties were, however, not destined to be of much longer duration. His increasing infirmities made it evident that his reign was drawing to a close; yet he was induced, for the sixth time, to enter the matrimonial state by

espousing the Lady Catherine Par, the widow of Lord Latimer. An incurable complaint in one of his legs added much to the natural irritability of his temper; and his increasing corpulence made it necessary to move him about by machinery.

The caprice and violence of Henry seemed to increase as his dissolution drew nearer; and he appeared to seek a savage relief from his own pain by the barbarous sacrifice of his people. The slightest opposition to his will was certain death; and such was the wavering of his opinions in his favourite theological discussion, that it became a situation of the greatest danger to be present—as any difference of sentiment was sure to be the foundation of a charge of heresy, and followed by the most exemplary punishment. The Queen, who had attended with the most faithful devotion at the sick bed of her husband, and had never, though with imminent risk to herself, neglected the duties of a wife, nearly fell a victim to the implacable temper of the tyrant. During the controversial discussion in which he alone seemed to delight, as affording the best chance of indulging his sanguinary disposition by entrapping the unwary, the Queen had inadvertently expressed her doubts respecting some disputed point of doctrine, which he had formerly supported. The first moment of her absence, he took the opportunity of relating the circumstance to Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who was then chancellor, and gave orders that he should draw up articles of accusation against her. Fortunately the papers were seen by some friend of the Queen in their progress, who lost no time in making her acquainted with her danger. Finding that her life was at stake, and for a transgression which was seldom overlooked, she resorted to a stratagem, which, considering on whom it was played, and the

chance it was ventured for, was not only excusable, but such as any one possessed of the like ingenuity would have employed without hesitation under similar circumstances. She immediately repaired to the presence of the King, and, appearing entirely ignorant of what had transpired, cautiously introduced the same subject on which she had previously proved an offender. Henry eagerly returned to his favourite disputation; when the Queen, apparently astonished at the weight of his arguments, feigned the most entire conviction. "If I have ever ventured the slightest difference of opinion with your grace," she said, "it was under the certainty that your eloquence and unanswerable arguments would remove my doubts; for how could I, a weak and feeble woman, have any other motive than that of seeking instruction, when speaking of matters to one, whose opinions a whole nation has consented to adopt?"—This piece of well-timed flattery had its effect. His former good feeling for the Queen returned; and when his own warrant was shortly afterwards brought to remove her to the Tower, the officious bishop was saluted, by his ungracious master, with the epithets of knave, fool, and rascal, and driven from his presence with every mark of indignity and abuse.

We shall shortly close this heartless scene of cruelty and caprice with the last and most wanton act of the tyrant's existence:—Such was the barbarous execution of the Earl of Surrey; a nobleman, who, whether we consider him as a gallant soldier, or an accomplished gentleman and scholar, had no equal during the age in which he lived. His sonnets to the fair Geraldine—whose beauty he always upheld as a knight in places of public contention—are, even in the present day, esteemed for their graces of thought and felicity of expression; and his literary labours were of essential service in his own time, by

introducing a style of elegance, of which the English language had never before seemed susceptible.

In consequence of the information of some abandoned persons, who thought they could not have a surer claim to the monarch's favour than by gratifying his taste for barbarity—the Earl of Surrey, with his father, the Duke of Norfolk, was committed to the Tower on the king's warrant for high treason.—The principal accusations against the earl were, that he had quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor with his own, which implied, in the opinion of his judges, a claim to the crown, but was in fact a common practice with that noble family, and related merely to points of descent; and that, on his removal from the government of Boulogne, he had uttered some contemptuous expression against the king's ministers. Such were the charges which in those days were sufficient to send a nobleman to the scaffold; and such the degradation of the parliament that could permit it! But there was another reason of greater weight than all, which was the vindictive feeling of the King, who, since the discovery of the late Queen's irregularities, had in his own mind devoted the whole family to vengeance.

The earl made a noble and spirited defence; and when some ruffian, in giving evidence, spoke of the earl's having received some contumelious language from him, he turned towards his judges—Indignation flashing from his eye—and, exclaimed, “And do you think, sirs, that such a man could say this to the Earl of Surrey, and he not smite him to the earth?” Neither his eloquence, however, nor the manifest injustice of the charges, could save him. According to the privilege of the time, the earl claimed the right of single combat against his accuser, to prove his innocence. It was refused him:—but what availed either honour or innocence in those dreary

days of persecution and violence! when honesty and integrity were the sure passports to ruin and disgrace. And what must be said of the degradation of a nation, that could look calmly on and see one of its brightest ornaments led to death on the futile and false charge of his bosom friend,* and on evidence furnished by his own sister!† He was condemned to death, and was beheaded shortly after; but the Duke of Norfolk, his father, saved his life by temporizing with the King, who fortunately died early on the morning of the day on which, by the royal warrant, he was ordered for execution.

The career of the tyrant was drawing fast towards its close. Unconscious of the awful change preparing for him, he was like a chained lion, eager to dip his fangs in the blood of all who came near him. In this terrible state of agony to himself, and distress to his attendants, he lingered on to his last hour; no one daring to prepare him for his approaching dissolution: at last, Sir Anthony Denny undertook the responsibility; and, as a reward for his good feeling, the communication was received by the King with comparative composure.

But now a dreadful scene of anguish and remorse ensued. All the acts of injustice and merciless cruelty which had marked the tyrant's career in life, arose in terrible array against him in his last moments; and bitterly did he deplore those scenes in which he had formerly borne so conspicuous a part. He prayed often and fervently to the Almighty for forgiveness; and requested the presence of Archbishop Cranmer, as a consolation to him in his last hour. The archbishop was sent for with all speed; but ere he arrived the King was speechless. The prelate took the hand of his dying master, and

* Sir Thomas Sotheby.

† The Countess of Richm.

implored him to offer some token of his repentance and faith as a Christian. The King pressed his hand; it was his last effort; and, in a few moments, a lump of senseless clay was all that remained of the once dreaded monarch.

Henry VIII. expired in the fifty-sixth year of his age, having reigned thirty-seven years and nine months, and was buried in the splendid mausoleum at Windsor, partly erected by Cardinal Wolsey, but never completed. In the King's will, it was ordered that this tomb should be finished according to its original design; but it is worthy of remark, that neither this, nor any of the private bequests of the monarch, as specified in his last testament, were ever complied with. So true it is, that the memory of the unjust is ever coupled with scorn; and that they who possess no claim to the love of their fellows, can, when bereft of power, expect nothing from their fear. Of the magnificent tomb, the construction of which had occupied so much of the attention of the luxurious cardinal, not a vestige now remains. It was removed piecemeal by the spoilers during the civil war; and there is not a stone to mark the resting place of him who was once the scourge of a nation.

During these last few years, of the principal events of which we have endeavoured to render a brief account, Prince Edward had applied himself with such diligence to his studies, under his respectable tutors, that he had made extraordinary progress. He acquired such a proficiency in the Latin language, that he was enabled to write in that tongue to his father, who was himself a scholar; and he composed in Greek with as much facility as his cousin, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, who was esteemed a prodigy of learning. Nor were his attainments confined to the classics alone; the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, were equally familiar to him;

some good verses in Italian, of his composition, are indeed still preserved amongst his writings. The Archbishop of Canterbury, to encourage him in his studies, was in the habit of corresponding with him once a week, and requiring of him an account of what he had done during that time. The Prince complied with the request of his venerable godfather, by keeping an exact journal of all that had transpired; and, for that purpose, divided a sheet of paper into five columns, and under that arrangement related his progress in mythology, history, geography, mathematics, and philosophy. With all his attainments, he was invariably courteous and affable; ever prompt in relieving distress; and generous almost to a fault. It is related of him, that having excited the suspicion of his father, by continually requesting of him large sums of money without giving any account of their disposal, a secret inquiry was made, when it was found that the noble-minded youth employed a person to seek for disabled officers who had served the King; his father, and who were reduced to distress. Many of these gentlemen were supported by his bounty; and others were relieved from difficulties by his generous interference.

These were indeed the only few years of happiness the young Prince was destined to enjoy; the remaining space allotted to him was a tissue of continued trouble and difficulty. No sooner had his royal father expired, than the Earl of Hertford, and Sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse, repaired to Hertford, where the future king then resided, and brought him, with his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, to the royal palace at Enfield. The next day, Edward made his public entrance into London, and was proclaimed king, the sixth of his name of the Norman race. On the drawbridge of the Tower he was met by the lords of the council, with the constable

and lieutenant of the fortress, who attended him to the presence chamber, and swore allegiance. The first act of the council was to proclaim the Earl of Hertford, who was uncle to the King, (being the brother of the Queen, Jane Seymour,) Lord Protector of the realm, and guardian of the young King during his minority, which King Henry had limited to eighteen years of age.

Subsequently to these events, Edward received the honour of knighthood from his uncle; after which ceremony, he took the sword from the hand of the Lord Protector, and, standing under his cloth of estate, conferred a similar honour on the Lord Mayor of London, who had been present at the preceding solemnity. The Protector was then created Duke of Somerset by the King, who, at the same time, advanced some other nobles to a higher rank.

On the 17th of February, Edward was solemnly crowned at Westminster by the Archbishop of Canterbury, attended by the principal nobility and officers of state, who, on that occasion, received new staffs of office; the old ones being broken, according to etiquette, at the burial of the late King, and thrown into the grave. A general pardon was also granted for all misdemeanors throughout the kingdom, and all offences against the state; except to the Duke of Norfolk, and some few others, who were still detained, through some private pique of the council, and did not receive their pardon till Queen Mary ascended the throne.

The first act of the Lord Protector's government was to remove the Earl of Southampton from the office of chancellor; an ill-judged measure, which caused a wound that was healed only by the ruin of him who inflicted it. Some acts were passed for the better regulation of the Protestant interest, which

gave great joy to a majority of the people, and rendered the Duke of Somerset very popular.

England was at that time tolerably quiet with regard to her affairs on the continent. The French government were inclined to peace; but it was judged advisable, by the Protector and council, to take up arms against Scotland on account of an infraction of treaty. It had always been the late King's earnest wish that a marriage should be effected between his son Edward, and Mary—known as the Queen of Scots, afterwards so unfortunate in the reign of Elizabeth, and at that time the infant Queen of Scotland. The arrangement had been concluded; but through the jealousy of some Scottish nobles, who dreaded a measure which would unite the kingdoms, and perhaps reduce them to the English yoke, the treaty was broken off. An army was therefore raised, led by the Lord Protector in person; having, for his lieutenant-general, Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and assisted by a fleet commanded by Admiral Lord Clinton. Great pains had been taken to render this warlike array as effective as possible; for the government were determined to oblige the Scots to abide by their treaty. It consisted of a formidable body of infantry, men at arms, light horse, and artillery, which was commanded, besides the principal leaders already mentioned, by Lord Grey de Wilton and Sir Ralph Vane.

As the two chief personages who led these battalions take the most conspicuous part subsequently in King Edward's reign, it will, perhaps be proper to say a few words respecting them. The Duke of Somerset was, as we have before said, of the King's own blood. He was generally esteemed, faithful, and fortunate; though possessing but a slender share of wisdom or firmness, and by no

means striking in his personal appearance. He had seen some good military service in Scotland and France; and was usually prosperous in the charges intrusted to him. Robert Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was of ancient nobility, comely in appearance, but wild and dissipated, and careless by what means he gained his ends. He was crafty and ambitious; and obtained a party by judicious promises and occasional threats. He was expert in intrigue and had great firmness and foresight. The Earl was acknowledged to be the cleverest military commander of the age. He had gained great reputation from his defence of Boulogne against the French, and was in consequence esteemed by the King, and respected by the people.

The army, under these distinguished leaders, marched for Scotland. Dudley appeared, on all occasions, anxious to court popularity with the soldiers; and several incidents occurred, by which he contrived to raise himself in their estimation and respect. As they advanced into Scotland, when the main body had with some difficulty crossed a narrow bridge over the river Lynne, by reason of a thick mist which enveloped them, Dudley remained to bring up the rear. Some Scottish horse were hovering about, concealed by the mist, and approached near enough to perceive the Earl of Warwick. Judging from his distinguished bearing, and rich armour, that he was a person of consequence, some of the false Scots called aloud, that a leader of their forces desired a parley with some English officer, to send terms to their general. Dudley hearing this, and not knowing that he was recognised, immediately advanced; attended by no more than a dozen men at arms. They had not proceeded far, when Dudley, suspecting something wrong, and wishing to strike terror, as the only chance of es-

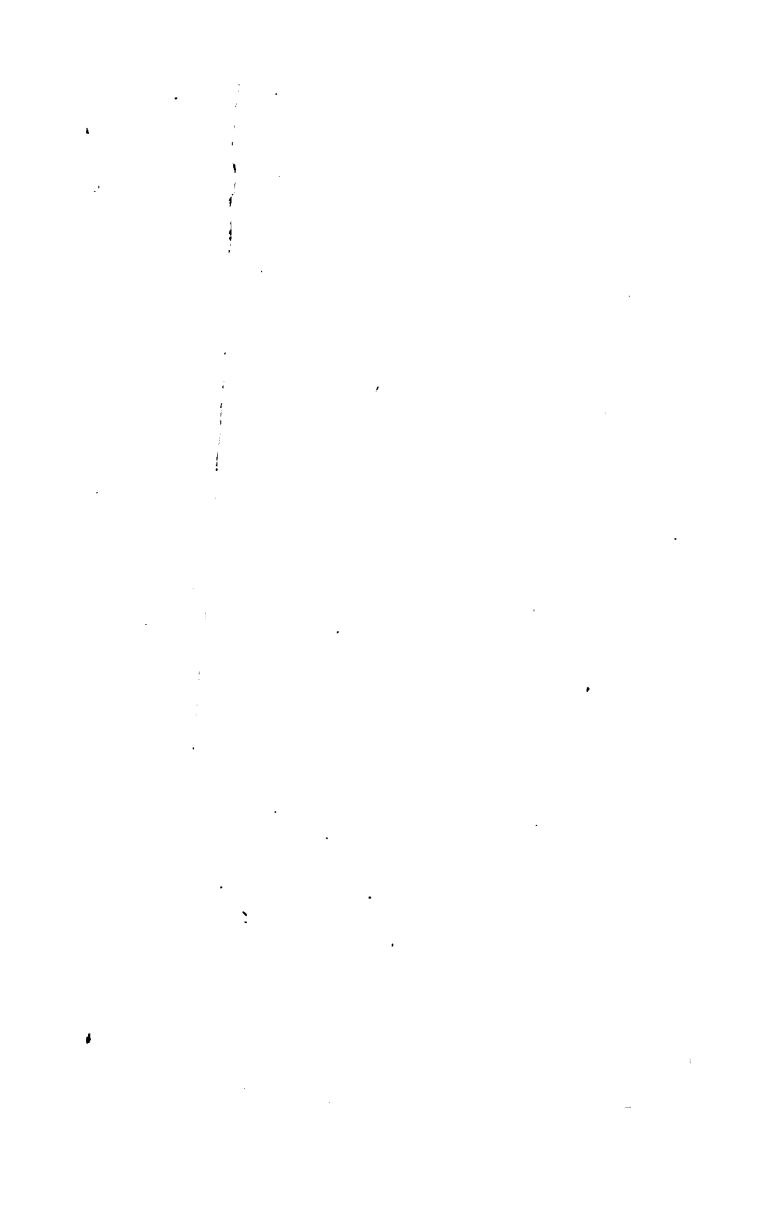
cape, suddenly charged the Scots, and cleft one Dandy Cure, who commanded the party, with his battle-axe. The Scots were speedily reinforced by a party who had been placed in ambush, but were nevertheless obliged to fly, in consequence of the extraordinary gallantry of the Earl's small band, who, encouraged by the presence of their leader, fought with such desperation, that they killed more than their own number, and took several prisoners.

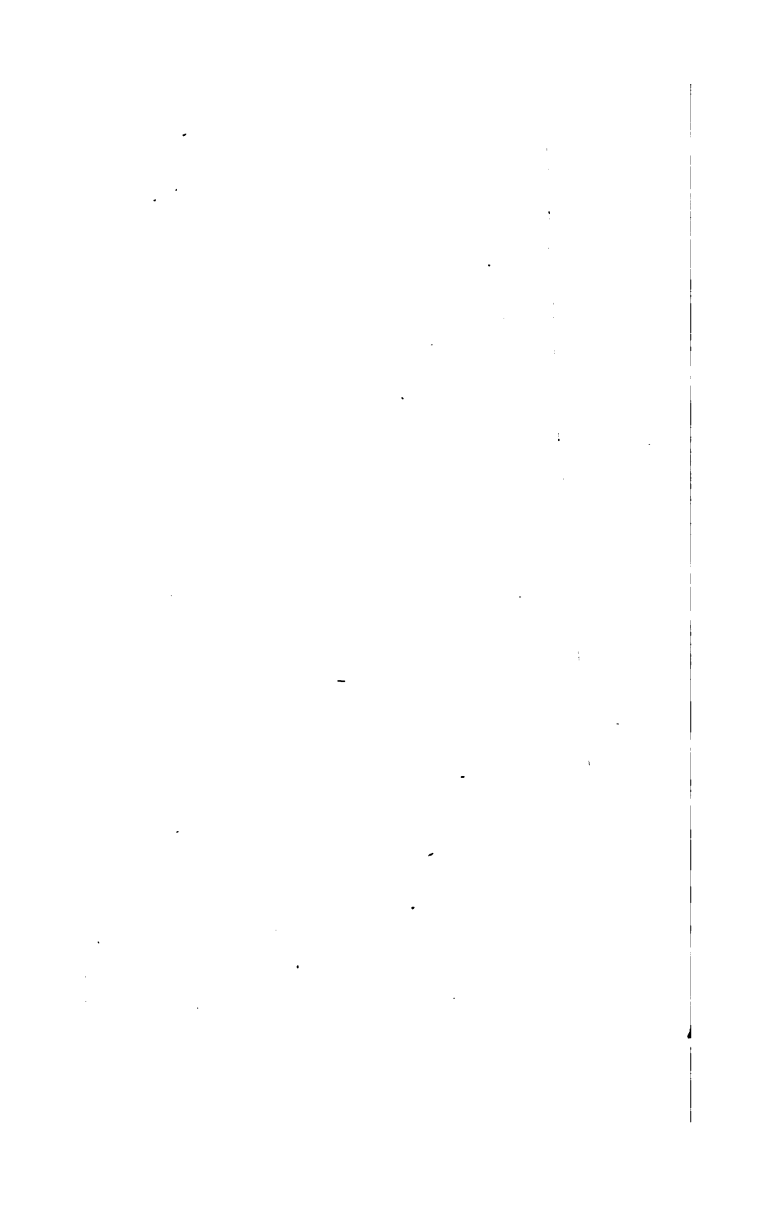
The English army had now advanced within a short distance of the Scottish camp, near the river Eske, and a battle seemed inevitable. The Lord Protector pitched his camp, and went with Dudley to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. On their advance, they were met by a herald and a trumpeter from the Earl of Huntley, who commanded the Scots under the Lord Governor. The herald, on the part of Lord Huntley, proposed to give the English a safe conduct out of the kingdom; or, that blood might be spared, challenged the Lord Protector to single combat, as a way of deciding the difference. The Lord Protector declined both these offers; but Dudley replied, that he would, with the Lord Protector's permission, accept the challenge, as a mere matter of courtesy to the Earl of Huntley; which, however, the Lord Protector would by no means permit. This useless display of gallantry was merely to obtain additional repute with the army, who esteemed these chivalric exploits in preference to sounder judgment, and perhaps true courage. The English, in marching to take possession of an advantageous ground, were supposed by the Scots to have made a movement for retreat to their shipping; and, blinded by this assurance, and fearing their enemy would escape, the Scots rushed tumultuously to the attack, confident of success. "Marvailous security," says an ancient historian, "and allwais dangerous,

when men will not beleieve any bees to be in a hive untill they have a sharpe sense of their stings!" The advancing Scots were attacked in flank by Lord Grey de Wilton at the head of a strong body of horse; but, in consequence of the unfavourable ground, the horse were put into great disorder, and would have fled, had not the Earl of Warwick and Sir Ralph Vane, who had watched the onset, been at hand to rally them. They were immediately supported by Dudley's division, and the battle became general. The Scots fought long and gallantly; but the fortune of the English prevailed. The Scottish forces were totally defeated. Some of them fled towards Edinburgh, and others to Dalkeith; but in such utter confusion and fear, that many, it is asserted, after throwing away their arms, likewise disencumbered themselves of their clothes, and actually scampered away in their shirts. The English horse pursued the fugitives for upwards of six miles, and made prodigious slaughter. The Earl of Huntley was taken prisoner, and would have been slain, had it not been for the devotion of a Scottish soldier, who replaced the earl's broken helmet with his own, and was slain by a battle-axe the next minute. A witty saying is reported of the Earl, who, after the action, being asked on what grounds he objected to the marriage of the young King Edward with the Queen Mary, replied, "that he had no objection whatever to the marriage, but that he could on no account reconcile himself to the wooing." The Scottish soldiers, on being reviled by their leaders with their flight, retorted by saying, "that as they attended their captains to the field, it was only their duty to follow them out." This was a disastrous day for Scotland; for, on that same day, thirty-four years before, they had been beaten at Flodden Field. But little advantage was reaped by the English on this occasion;

for the French King, Henry II., sending reinforcements into Scotland, obliged the English to retire, more particularly as some alarming riots broke out in England about that time, and occasioned the recall of the Lord Protector and the Earl of Warwick.

The country people in the west of England had been stirred up by some popish emissaries, and had ill-treated the King's commissioners who were empowered to settle the form prescribed by the acts of the Reformation. The disturbances increased to such an alarming extent in Devonshire and Cornwall, that the Earl of Pembroke was sent with a strong force to quell them. The rebels were defeated by him on Clifton Heath; but the conduct of Sir Anthony Kingston towards the misguided inhabitants afterwards, reflects disgrace on the time. He executed without mercy such as fell into his power, not troubling himself much as to the actual guilt of the parties. When at Bodmin in Cornwall, he found that the mayor was somewhat implicated, though against his consent, having been forced by the rebels to join their cause. Sir Anthony sent word to him that he should dine with, and begged him to have a gallows prepared near, his house, for a delinquent whom he intended to punish. The mayor, rejoiced at the honour, treated the knight with the best of every thing, and afterwards showed him the gallows prepared according to his desire. "And do you think it is strong enough to bear a man, Mr. Mayor?" asked the knight. "I'd wager my best palfry it is," returned the mayor. "Then mount yourself and try," said Sir Anthony, coolly; "and if you lose, I shall claim the palfry;" and, in spite of the poor man's protestation of innocence, and entreaties for mercy, he was barbarously executed. Another anecdote recorded of this facetious judge, displays such the same regard to justice as the former. A







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